

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:
 OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
 OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. III.] FOR JUNE, 1795. [Vol. VII.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

EDITED BY THADDEUS M. HARRIS.

PRINTED AT BOSTON, FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
 BY WILLIAM GREENOUGH,

No. 42, CORNHILL.

Sold at JOHN WEST's Bookstore, No. 75, Cornhill, Boston; and by the several
 GENTLEMEN who receive Subscriptions for this Work.

MDCXCIV.

REVISION OF CONSTITUTION.

Alterations of forms of government in Europe have been almost invariably attended by convulsion and bloodshed. It was reserved for America to exhibit to the world an example of a people meeting together peaceably to digest their Constitutions, and orderly to alter or abolish them. An instance of this was given in this commonwealth on Wednesday, May 20, when the citizens thereof, assembled to discuss the question, *Whether a revision of their Constitution was necessary or expedient?* But well satisfied are our citizens in general with the system, so convinced, of its perfection, and so happy under it, that a revision of it is by most towns deemed unnecessary.

USEFUL IMPROVEMENTS.

We are happy to hear, that the Middlesex Canal, is prosecuting with the most promising activity. Upwards of an hundred hands, we learn, are in constant employment thereon.

Mr. Blodget's Canal in New-Hampshire, we understand is nearly finished.

Mr. Palmer, the artist who has distinguished his talents in constructing the bridges lately erected over the rivers Merimack in this state, and Piscataqua, in New-Hampshire, has contracted to build a bridge over the Patowmack, in the state of Maryland. By the act of incorporation, the toll is to be vested in the proprietors forever.

May 27.

THE GENERAL ELECTION

of this commonwealth was celebrated in Boston with civic festivity, and military honours. His excellency SAMUEL A. DAMS, and his honor MOSES GILL, are continued in the executive. Edward H. Robins, Esq. is re-elected speaker, and Henry Warren, Esq. clerk of the house. Hon. Samuel Phillips, Esq. is re-appointed president, and Samuel Cooper, Esq. clerk of the senate.

MARRIAGES.

Boston. Mr. Thomas French, to Miss Nancy English; Mr. Thomas Hall Cutter, to Miss Melitable Dixon. Mr. Benjamin Long, to Miss Betsey Behnet. Mr. Jonathan Butterfield to Miss Prudence Freeman. Mr. Stephen Dix to Miss Lucy Curtis. Mr. Stephen Roberts to Miss Margaret Jackson; Mr. John Wells to Miss Abigail Welles; Mr. Benjamin Callender to Miss Esther Edes; Mr. Greenman Gore to Miss Eleanor Berry; William Seymour, Esq. to Miss Wilhelmina Houseal. Mr. George

Storer to Miss Anna Bulfinch; Mr. Simon Francis to Miss Lydia Hawkes.

Brooklyne. Atherton Thayer Esq. to Miss Sarah Jackson.

Cambridge. Mr. Thomas Millar to Miss Mary Frothingham; Mr. James Fillebrown to Miss Elizabeth Newel.

Chelsea. Mr. Blodget to Miss Mary Bonpas.

Cohasset. Mr. William Whittenton to Miss Hepzibah Lincoln.

Milton. Mr. Ralph Payson to Miss Sally Horton.

Barnstable. Mr. John Palfrey to Miss Mary S. Gorham.

Newbury-Port. Mr. Tappan Webster to Miss Sally Brown.

Salem. Mr. Abijah Northey to Miss Sally Gerrish King.

Watertown. Mr. John Rice to Miss Dorcas Fuller; Mr. Israel Cook to Miss Sally Robbins.

DEATHS.

At Bengal the Hon. Sueton Grant Heatly, Esq. a native of Newport (R. I.); and who had been many years resident in the East Indies, where he sustained various important public offices with ability, integrity, and honor.

On the 9th of Feb. at Madrid, William Carmichael, Esq. late charge des affaires, and one of the commissioners plenipotentiary to the court of Spain.

At Philadelphia, John Kean, Esq. He was a member of Congress from the state of South-Carolina, and a Commissioner for settling the accounts between the United States and the individual states, under the old confederation. Since the adoption of the new constitution, he was re-appointed Commissioner, and continued in that office till the business was completed. On the formation of the bank of the United States, Mr. Kean was chosen cashier of that important institution. This office (on account of his ill health) he resigned a few weeks since.

Nero-Haven, the Rev. Ezra Stiles, S.T.D. L.L.D. President of Yale College; and member of several learned societies in Europe and America.

Boston, Mrs. Elizabeth Boyer, 69; Mr. Lambert Rogers, 25; Mrs. Mary Simons, 21; Mrs. Martha M'Cohdley, 34; Mrs. Lydia Homer 69; Mrs. Mary Dillberry.

Glooucester, Mrs. Mary Coffin, 41.

Kingston, William Drew, Esq. 63.

Milton, Rev. Nathaniel Robbins.

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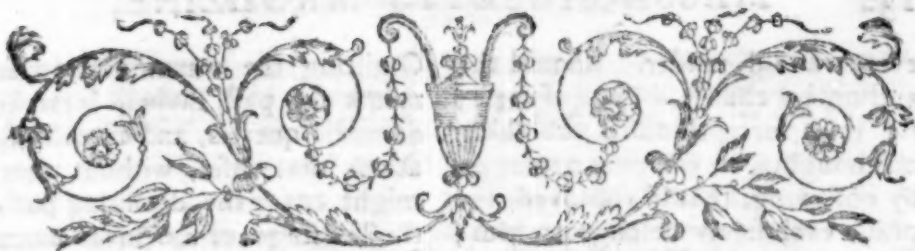
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE literary Society who have obligingly furnished a review of the "Paraphrase of some parts of the book of Job" are thanked for their ingenious criticisms: but their communication came too late for this month. We beg leave to solicit their remarks on Rev. Mr. Clarke's "Answer to the question, Why are you a Christian," and on Rev. Dr. Belknap's Dissertations and collection of Psalms and Hymns.

We hope to be favored by some friend of the muses with an Ode on the 4th of July.

To gratify "a friend" we insert here his free translation of the lines applied to the writer of the Echo.

"Accept my gifts! the youth impatient cried:
Accept my gifts! the Echo kind replied."



THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1795.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The ECHO. No. II.

"Non laudem, veniam, juvenis imperitus rogat."

Not praise, but pardon, inexperience asks.

THE polite reception of our proposal of assistance, we candidly confess was gratefully noticed. "Laudari a laudato viro," has ever justly been held up as an object worthy of emulation; its attainment cannot but be a source of pleasure, and ought to give a stimulus to the nerve of exertion. Animated by past approbation, and relying on future candid interpretation, the transcriber of these ECHOS, will devote the few hours of leisure, which his present confined life allows, to attention to the notes which proceed from his oracle. Minutes of its varying, irregular, and miscellaneous responses he will faithfully take; and extracts from our "Sybilline" manuscript, shall be transmitted as time and opportunity occur, through various media, to the indulgent ear of the public.

The journal of one of our late charming evenings, prefaced with

some explanatory observations, will furnish the materials of the present number.

Upon opening the door of communication between the office of the *emanuensis*, and his source of inspiration, so confused a jargon of multitudinous voices were conveyed to the pained *tymparum*, that to distinguish or methodize, was for some time impracticable. When these had subsided, the clear and pleasing accents of the well known voice of a particular friend succeeded.— Taking advantage of supposed secrecy, while rambling in a neighbouring delightful grove, he was reading and commenting upon a letter to the most affectionate of parents. For its incoherence and inaccuracies, the circumstance of its being the unstudied transcript of a dutiful mind, breathing out to the confidential ear of the best of fathers, its uncorrected, unpruned ideas, will be a sufficient apology to every

every candid reader. Should the author, by chance, be one of these; for thus surreptitiously publishing his thoughts, we can only apologize by observing, that if approved, the praise exclusively belongs to him; if not, the censure falls on us alone. In future, aught he wishes not made public, he must be cautious to

"Tell it not the wind."

Omitting the warm acknowledgments for past favors, interesting domestic queries, and earnest aspirations that roses, without thorns, might cover the declining path of the last stages of a beloved parent's life; we hope that some of our readers will not find disagreeable or unprofitable the following

REMARKS ON THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

"Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant adversis perfugium et solatium prebent."—CICERO.

WITH respect both to its origin, its objects, THEOLOGY justly claims the first notice in our observations. The separation of an order of men for the purposes of instructing in morals, and leading in the worship of the people; is undoubtedly as ancient as any institutions, of separate classes in society. The necessity of such an order, distinguished by some immunities and privileges, a moment's contemplation of the present condition of man, cannot but demonstrate to an unprejudiced mind. The authority of the civil magistrate, can extend to exterior deportment only; and can only respect apparent conduct.—Indigent virtue would droop and faint; distressed merit would despair and die, were the present life to terminate existence, or the present apparently unequal dispensations of providence, never to be vindicated and rectified; and its present mysterious economy be developed. So necessary is it, to unite religious obligations with civil institutions, that the wisest and best legislators, ancient and modern, have entwined them into one common cord. In these countries, where the priesthood have not overstepped their original authority, where they have not leagued with civil tyrants in a conspiracy against

the rights of man; the advantages of their order will not be exaggerated, if we assert, that *public order and happiness* is more advanced by their means, than by all other possible institutions. But these speculations may be thought rather foreign to the purpose, of giving you my cursory thoughts on the relative merits of the professions; and my wishes and fears, inclinations and objections concerning them.

Among the objects most worthy of attention, the first which will engage the "sober-minded young man," upon arriving at years of reflection, are the grounds of his religious belief; the *rationale* of the method of worship, in which he has been educated, and the reality of that system, which has been the basis of the belief and practice of "his fathers." To the various systems and sects which have arisen from the stock of the gospel, or have been "grafted in" upon that stock, particularly to attend, would rather perplex than confirm the youthful student. To establish the inspiration of the gospel itself uncorrupted and original, is the principal object; from this, common understanding and an unprejudiced mind will easily form its creed and its law. Most of those, who have taken up christianity in this way, have received

received complete satisfaction of any former doubts, or confirmation of any former belief. Few indeed, of a virtuous disposition and good habits, have found their conviction staggered, by any of the objections which have heretofore appeared against the religion of Jesus. These inquiries, though more particularly necessary to the student in divinity, are of great importance to all; and he can have no claim to the character of an accomplished scholar, who is unable to defend his creed against the cavils of gainsayers, or the arguments of manly opponents. That man undoubtedly enjoys the highest happiness this life can afford; whose confidence in christianity is firm, and whose practice exemplifies its excellencies. In whatever department of life his lot shall fall, respect will attend him, and self-approbation give it a peculiar zest; to him, prosperity gives pleasures which exceed description; adversity gives no pangs, not easily endured. Experience has taught us, that the study of divinity is as amusing, comprehensive, and delightful; as it is interesting, important, and useful. As far as a small progress can enable to decide, the course of reading which a system of preparatory studies to this profession will embrace, gives much more exquisite and uncloying pleasure, than the most favorite classical researches ever afforded. In the "delightful task," of preaching to others the result of these enchanting studies, the man who has well-grounded confidence of his preparedness of heart and knowledge for the momentous undertaking, and of his ability to conduct, at all times, and in all situations, with *prudence* and discretion; most certainly has a more promising prospect of a life of rational enjoyment,

than any of the other professions can give. The probability is assuredly much greater in this, than in the others, not only of a useful, respectable, and happy life, but of a serene, joyous, and confidential departure from labors here, to reward eternal and inconceivable, in the realms of bliss above.

But, and the case is not foreign, justly may any one hesitate at engaging in this momentous charge, whose conversation and conduct from early life has not been exemplary. Though sincere repentance for apparent looseness of principles, and real looseness of conduct, in early life has succeeded the ideal pleasure, which at the moment they seemed to afford objections not easily answered, and doubts not easily obviated; may hence arise against this beloved profession. Conscientiousness that during neglect of the duties of christianity, its truths were never disbelieved or contemned; may give to the mind, which can truly indulge it, some alleviation to the distressing pangs, which a retrospect of a youth of dissipation and irregularity, cannot fail to inflict. When any one finds himself in this uncomfortable situation, of sincere and ardent desire to enter the clerical profession, but still with heart-agonizing doubts, whether by indulging his wishes, he should not give occasion to evil speakers to "blaspheme that holy vocation," and whether he cannot do more real service to the cause which he now warmly and sincerely espouses, that of the religion, which he resolves, with reliance on divine assistance, in future, punctually to practice; a deferring of a final decision for a time, in order that intervening clouds may be dissipated; and frequent and fervent applications for direction to the Giver of light and life,

life, is earnestly recommended.

The manners of every moral instructor, have an influence not unimportant on the effects of his public ministrations. True it is, that where nature has given an uncommonly ungracious and unamiable appearance, where unconquerable independence or rather insolence of carriage accompany all the conduct; objections may thence also arise, to engaging in this profession; but a sincere and honest heart, with uniformly regular conduct, and a good understanding, will apologize to candid and enlarged minds. All cannot, ought not possess the agreeable assemblage of interesting *mobsters*, which some have the happiness to derive from nature; nor can all men accommodate themselves to the tender circumstances of particular scenes, which constitute an important part of ministerial duty. Nature undoubtedly for wise purposes and with benevolent intentions, has variously endowed her rational offspring. The final interrogatories of our own consciences and of "God who is greater," will not be "how many talents receivedst thou?" but they will regard the manner of improvement of the number received, how great or small it may be.

This profession is undoubtedly, on many considerations, less laborious than either of the others. The man however who is zealous in any cause will find pretty constant employment. *A life of virtue is an active life*; and the unavoidable lot of humanity is to "eat bread by the sweat of the brow." Exertion in any profession, a *candidate* for eminence must expect; this will be rendered pleasing, by conviction that the cause is worthy success considerable; and by the prospect of the rich harvest which will re-

ward their labors. Unavoidable circumstances, serve to render some professions, more laborious and perplexing than others; and the indispensable duties of some callings, more toilsome than those of others. The path of duty in which the clergyman proceeds, is better defined; and the labours he must perform more particularly specified than are those of most of his brethren. Much also is it in his favour that unless in some very special instances and peculiar circumstances, he is not subjected to exposure to all the varieties of weather and seasons. Another and greater argument in his favor is that his direct and appropriate business is immediate attention to those inquiries and contemplations; which, though they may and ought to be attended to by all, and constitute a source of agreeable relaxation and noble pleasure in the other professions, are rather *foreign* to their technical studies. The temptations to a deviation from right are not so frequent and alluring as in most other situations; the inducements to a uniform life of virtue are greater, and the obligations more forcible. The scenes to which this profession frequently introduces, "the solitary cottage, the dying parent and the weeping orphan;" "the bed where parting life is laid;" the sinner, called by a death unprepared for, "to his last account with all his imperfections on his head;" the "last faltering accents, whispering praise" of the sincere christian; scenes like these are admirably calculated to affect suitably the serious mind; to excite and confirm good resolutions, and to allure to constancy in the faith and practice of that blessed religion, which is found so consolatory and supporting,

supporting, in situations where human aid will fail; which is exhibited to be the only prop in these "soul-trying times;" the only circumstance which can pluck the thorns from the pillow of sickness, and unbarb the sting of death.

That the clergy do not enjoy an opportunity to acquire independence of fortune, or grandeur of situation, as many in other pursuits; cannot be adduced as any hindrance or objection. In most parts of our country they are in circumstances of ease and comfort; and past that the wishes of one who thus devotes himself ought not reach. At the same time, it cannot but be lamented, that in some places the "labourer" scarcely receives any "hire." At the present time, the laudable disposition of the people has increased, in considerable degree, the terms of the settlement of the clergy. While it is to be attended to, that such large support and encouragement should not here be presented, as to induce any to enter from motives of ambition or gain; the more probable evil ought with great care to be shunned, not to give such generally insufficient salaries, as to deter any of honest hearts and well inclined minds from entering, for fear of penury and of being obliged, should any accident distress them; that they or their's should be dependent on charity for support. But his views of things are false, who supposes happiness a necessary attendant on wealth. The goods of life are undoubtedly great blessings as affording the means of gratifying a great variety of lawful and rational pleasures; but above all, as increasing the ability to supply "the wants of the poor," to help the "hungry to food," the "naked to clothing," and to cheer the heart

of the captive in his "prison," or of wo-worn poverty in his thatched-roofed hovel. But almost universal concurrence justifies the conclusion, that wealth and grandeur produce more sorrows than they remove, and create more anxieties than they soften; that their moral influence on the heart, affections, and feelings is unhappy; and that "much wealth is corpulence, if not disease." The respect and love of their own town or parish, at least, which the gentlemen of this profession enjoy, more, perhaps, than any other class of men, will be more than a balance, for their want of affluence, to every mind whose exertions are directed to the attainment of that "competence" which is "vital to content."

We shall conclude his remarks on divinity, and with them this number (reserving those on the others to some future day) with the following observations; the *egotism* of which the reflecting and candid reader will pardon.

From my commencement of the study of the sciences theology has been the profession contemplated, whenever I have suffered myself to think or converse upon the subject; though my inexperience, openness, and indiscretion did not confirm or render probable such an expectation in others. All along, however, this has been, is, and ever will be the profession of my decided choice; and should my scruples with regard to the folly of past, consciousness of weakness of present, or fears of the same in future conduct; prevent, (which I sincerely deprecate, though somewhat expect) my entering this profession, which otherwise I alone would pursue, they will prove a perennial source of reflections the most poignantly distressing.—A****m, June, 1795.

REFLECTIONS on CENSURE.

[By a LADY.]

THERE is nothing more common than for people to rail at those faults in others, for which they are the most remarkable themselves : without considering, that their censures often reflect home.

Thus—crooked Cynthia sneering says,
That Florimel wears iron stays,
And Rufes with her comb of lead
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red!
While Cloe of every coxcomb jealous
Wonders how girls can talk to fellows,
And full of indignation frets
That women will be such coquets.

SWIFT.

But granting we have not the same faults we condemn ; we are not certain but that we have others equally censurable ; at least, the person who takes a delight in exposing the imperfections of others, shews his own heart to be a stranger to generosity.—To enjoy the pleasures of society, we must not be too nice in our remarks ; there are few so abandoned, but they have some virtues as well as vices ; we should take the good with the bad, and not turn always to the worst side of a character. We ought never to give our opinion of people on a superficial acquaintance ; as the greatest qualities of the head and heart are often obscured by

some little foolish singularity which at first sight creates a disgust that is not easily got over. We are too often prejudiced against a thing before we have given ourselves time to examine it, and blame more through pride and arrogance than reason.

I cannot quit this subject, without taking notice of a set of women, who having past their youth and bloom without possessing any merit themselves, presume to be judges of it in others. There is not a motion, action, nor the minutest article in your person or dress which escapes their criticism ; when they visit, it is not out of friendship or affection, but to criticize and remark upon each others dress and behaviour ; the observations they make at one house serve them as a topic of conversation at another ; and after they have exhausted all their malice on the absent, they sit down and quarrel with each other over a card table. I would sooner live in a desert where the trace of a human foot was never seen, than be obliged to pass under a daily examination by a knot of these female censurers.

S E N T I M E N T S.

OLD men cry they are weary of the world, when it is but because the world is weary of them ; as they would seem to be tired of their mistresses when they are past enjoying them.

IT is the great or little mind, not the great or little fortune, makes the truly great or little man ; since misfortunes are not always our own

fault, and cannot be our disgrace but when born with folly.

TOO much love, as too little, but equally shews our want of sense : not to love as we ought, is sitting up our sense against the wisdom of Nature ; and to love more than we ought, is sitting up the extravagance of our nature against our reason.

HASSAN :

HASSAN: from SOLIMAN and FATIMA.

(Concluded from page 118.)

HASSAN, who desired nothing more than the possession of Saled, immediately gave orders for the enlargement of the trembling victims, and seizing the lovely damsel in his arms, conveyed her to a retired part of his haram.

"Have I obtained thee at last, thou stubborn fair one? Now will the insulted Hassan be repaid for all those moments of torture he has suffered on thy account. Behold thyself wholly in the power of the man whose love thou hast treated with disdain, and prepare to make the atonement thou owest to his passion and thy own safety; for he who once ignobly solicited thy regard, is now master of thy person and thy life."

With a smile of ineffable disdain, Saled replied, "Contemptible wretch, whose sordid soul can glory in a mere sensual gratification, unacquainted with, and undeserving of the noble sympathy of the heart, know that Saled values not life; and to provoke thee to end at once the existence thou hast rendered miserable, her tongue shall avow the sentiments of her soul—the image of Hassan is poison to the sight of Saled."

Depending on that power which by sanguinary means he was now possessed of, the Caliph suffered her to express her abhorrence without discovering any resentment, and committing her to the care of a trusty slave, he ordered her to be treated with every respect, but carefully enjoined, that no means might be allowed her by which she might attempt her life. Thus secure of the lovely prize for which he had sacrificed both humanity and peace, he retired to enjoy a re-

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B

pose to which he had long been a stranger.—For some time, he sought by a series of soft attentions to mollify the indignant bosom of Saled; but finding those methods wholly ineffectual, he resolved to have recourse to violence, and to possess by force those charms which he perceived would never be a voluntary sacrifice; yet, even under the influence of that determination, he was compelled to lament the imperfection of felicity thus acquired. "Are tears and sighs," said he, "the meet returns for love so ardent as mine? Is it thus the passion of Hassan is repaid? And is such the nature of that bliss for which his soul so long has panted? "Genius," cried he, prostrating himself on the ground, "forget not the glorious privilege you promised to bestow. I will that Saled receive my vows with smiles of soft compliance."

When the accustomed hour of visiting the weeping beauty arrived he caused himself to be habited more splendidly than before, and entered the apartment with the air of one already secure of the success of his prayers—he was not deceived. Saled met him with a smile, which fired his bosom with transport—her person was adorned with an elegance which gave lustre to her beauty. Hassan was flattered by the circumstance, as expressive of a wish to appear lovely in his eye, and he approached her with the warmest protestations of love and rapture; to which, with a look of modest gratitude, she replied—"That I have hitherto been insensible to the mighty Hassan's regard of his unworthy slave, let it be imputed to the malevolent power

er

er of some malicious demon, inimical to the happiness of mortals."

"What do I hear?" interrupted the enraptured Caliph—"Is then the charming Samed at last become just to her own beauty and my affection?—This hour, this blissful hour, my fair, shall crown our mutual wishes, and unite us in the silken bands of wedlock."

"No," returned Samed, "let not the love of Hassan accept the sensibility which, so instantaneously excited, may appear a temporary sensation, rather than the feeling due to his merit—let the gratitude of Samed be proved the effect of cool reflection and established sentiment.—Deign then, my Lord, to partake of a banquet provided by thy slave; and ere tomorrow's sun kisses the briny main, the illustrious Vicar of the Holy Prophet shall obtain that which his passion merits."

Absorpt in ecstasy, the transported lover beheld the summit of felicity greeting his ravished view; and he secretly returned his thanks to the propitious genius, who had so attentively regarded his petitions—he withdrew, the happiest of mankind; and the slaves, obedient to Samed's command, prepared a luxurious banquet. Hassan, with eager expectation, waited the approaching morrow, and, at the appointed hour, repaired to the feast prepared by love. The mistress of his soul appeared in the zenith of tenderness and beauty—to welcome his approach, the charms of music added rapture to that delicious hour, and refreshments of the most exquisite kinds flowed in golden bowls. Samed presented the cup with her own hand to the Caliph; he was dissolved in bliss, as he raised it to his lip.

At that moment the vivid light-

ning darted across his sparkling eye—thunder shook the apartment—the genius appeared before him, and in a tremendous voice pronounced, "Forbear, rash mortal, that pernicious cup, which the just revenge of Samed has impregnated with thy destruction. Enough has now transpired to convince thee, that man is incompetent to determine on the means conducive to his real felicity—leave then the choice to him whose wisdom only is equal to the decision, and submit thy soul to that which he ordains.—Humbled by this trial, confess that thy happiness cannot be attained in pursuit of selfish, but of social good. Go then, and seek it in another's welfare, rather than thy own; and thou shalt find, that the farther thy desires turn from the stagnant lake of selfish gratification, the more pure and copious shall the precious stream be diffused over thy own breast—the privilege which thou blindly hast desired, so prejudicial to thy own and others peace, was not effectual to the full extent of thy ungoverned passion. Raschilda was preserved from the fury of thy guilty arm—he lives—and the happiness which thou, whilst meanly selfish, wert unable to acquire, may yet result to thee from the influence of an opposite principle. Go, Hassan, be true to thy convictions, and enjoy the substantial good, of which thou hast hitherto pursued the shadow."

The Genius ceased speaking, and was seen no more; but his words had penetrated the soul of Hassan—He sought Raschilda, and united the hand of that faithful lover to that of the virtuous Samed—the same hour he resigned the Caliphate; and, retiring to his former habitation, he instated the happy pair in the possession of all the

the wealth he had enjoyed on the banks of Indus—he continued a short time a cheerful witness of their bliss, and then set out on travel, with design to render the experience he had gained beneficial to the world at large.

In the prosecution of so benevolent a plan, he sought out the wandering and misguided mind, probed all its maladies, and by his counsels seldom failed of restoring it to peace—he composed quarrels—adjusted differences, not only in private families, but often in those

states which he visited in his progress.—In my arms (added the Santon) the philanthropist breathed his last—still anxious for the benefit of his beloved species, he caused the inscription thou hast seen to be engraved on his tomb.

Thou whom chance shall lead to the spot
which conceals the dust of

H A S S A N,

Let his ashes instruct thee, and his counsels,
even from the tomb, direct,
in the knowledge of this
important truth,

*That Man can never be so unhappy, as when
Heaven bestows on him all he asks.*

On the LUSTRE that TALENTS derive from PURITY of MANNERS.

TALENTS are precious gifts ; but it is seldom that they are possessed in a superior degree, and still more seldom that their use is ennobled by being consecrated to virtue. Among so many great geniuses who have successfully cultivated the arts and sciences, there are too many who disgrace themselves by a contempt of decency and manners. To what cause is this misfortune to be ascribed ? Is it that nature, too penurious of her blessings, enriches the mind at the expense of the heart ? Is it that Fortune, jealous of a glory in which she has no part, delights in humbling great men by the absurdities and errors into which she suffers them to fall ? Chance, which has destroyed so many admirable productions of antiquity, has preserved works, the loss of which would have been less worthy of our regret, and whose very perfection could never indemnify society for the pernicious effects they are calculated to produce.

If we turn over the pages of history, we shall see talents honoured

as long as they respected manners, and contemned and degraded when they violated their purity. Where facts decide, speculations are useless, and reasoning superfluous. Hence we may infer the following truth, so honourable to manners—That they are the true source of the glory of talents.

It is not a blind instinct, but an enlightened discernment, that has inspired mankind with a respect and admiration for talents, which have always been honoured in proportion to the utility derived from them : the most necessary had the first preference ; but it was never supposed that any thing injurious to manners could be truly advantageous to society. To whom did men first raise altars and pay divine homage ? To those from whom they derived benefits. Skilful artificers, who discovered the secret of abridging our labours, of insuring their success, of providing for the wants of humanity ; profound speculators, who discovered the riches of nature, and the remedies she had provided for our evils ; legislators,
whole

whose wisdom assembled mankind, for new empires, strengthened the bonds of society: these were the first to whom antiquity, as yet in a state of rudeness, offered its incense. The excess of its gratitude proves the strength of the motives that inspired it.

Gradually the fine arts were honoured in proportion as their utility was felt. Eloquence, presiding in public deliberations, enlightening the citizen respecting his true interest, alluring to virtue by the force of reason and the charms of style; Poetry, celebrating the exploits of heroes, and the felicities of an innocent life; Painting and Sculpture, occupied in preserving the image of great men, and perpetuating by august monuments the remembrance of their virtues, attracted homage. Thus Mercury and Minerva, Apollo and the Muses, were placed in the temples by the side of Vulcan and Ceres, Æsculapius and Bacchus.

If talents were from their infancy raised to the highest honours, it was because they had all the innocence of the first age. The art of oratory was not so degraded as to condemn the laws, and harangue in favour of infamy; the Muses, as yet virgins, had not polluted their lips by lascivious songs; and the pencil, still chaste, had not dared to trace objects calculated to abash the eye of modesty. So a young maiden is the more lovely from the blush that spreads over her countenance, and creates respect by the simplicity of her demeanor and the diffidence of her looks.

In course of time, when luxury introduced itself and infected the taste of nations, the purity of the primitive manners were corrupted, and the fine arts escaped not the

common contagion. To gratify a people already depraved, they were obliged to resemble them; but the weakness did not go unpunished, and was the first cause of the decline of the arts. The simple and majestic beauty of nature was succeeded by the false and affected embellishments of vice; taste, subjected to the tyranny of the passions, became like them capricious and absurd: thus talents fell from their glory, when they ceased to have a respect for manners.

Philosophy, which ought to have remedied the disorder, experienced a similar fate. As long as she was usefully employed in observing nature, and delivering lessons of simple and pure morality, philosophers, dignified with the venerable title of sages, were respected as the masters and legislators of the human race. But when, abandoned to the mania of systems, she was occupied merely in vain speculations; when, divided into as many sects as there were schools, she was degraded to the frivolous office of discussing and solving problematical opinions; when, become useless to manners she was a stranger to the happiness of mankind; veneration gave place to contempt, and the odious title of sophists, applied to sectaries, was an authentic testimony of the debasement into which they were sunk. It is not by licentious productions that the great artists of Greece merited their splendid laurels. In the famous assemblies were their *chef-d'œuvres* of art were submitted to the inspection of an inquisitive and enlightened people, the palm was never accorded to him who trampled under foot the laws of decorum. This daring attempt was not suffered till the Greeks, fatiated with the true beautiful, sought by the unnatural seasonings

sonings of Vice to give a new edge to a taste blunted by profusion. Then, forgetful of the dignity of their talents, artists blushed not to sacrifice to interest, labours which had before been solely consecrated to glory; then, subjugated by the depraved inclinations of individuals, they ceased to be guided by the fire of genius, and departed from perfection in proportion as they departed from purity of manners.

When did Roman eloquence rise to the highest splendor? When the orator, burning with zeal for the republic, ascended the rostrum to awaken in the hearts of his citizens the antique virtues of their fathers, to reclaim the violated rights of allied or subjugated nations, to imprecate the rigour of the laws on the peculations and enormities of *Quæstors* and *Proconsuls*. But when eloquence, become captive with Rome, thought no longer but how to please depraved and licentious masters, it was necessary to address the fancy, because virtue alone can speak to the heart; it was necessary to substitute brilliant thoughts for pathetic sentiments, and the vain pomp of words for the strength of reason and argument. Thus eloquence, born to sway the sceptre, was reduced to a cringing slave, and enveloped in the ruin of liberty and manners.

Is it by libertine productions that the greatest poets have merited a conspicuous station on *Parnassus*, and united in their favour the esteem of all ages and all nations? Should we have less admired the prince of the lyric Latins, if he had blotted from his works every wanton folly, and if his Muse, more chaste, had better observed the laws of decency? Does our regard for this virtue lessen our enthusiasm for *Virgil*—that happy poet, who knew

how to unite the graces of the imagination with the utmost purity of manners, to please without corrupting us, and to employ advantageously the early labours of youth and the leisure of mature age? If he has had few imitators, it is because he left no heirs of his genius. A poet who is incapable of attracting us by the beauty of his images and the sublimity of his ideas, seeks to interest us by irritating the passions. This unworthy artifice is the ordinary resource of mediocrity of talent.

By what fatality has an art destined to instruct by amusing us, yet unable to conquer the repugnance of virtuous minds, or wash out the stains which it received almost at its birth? Because the drama has never yet been made to respect manners. Virtue still groans at the outrage she received on the attack stage, when *Socrates* was exposed to the insults of comic effrontery, and wisdom itself made a public laughing-stock. Apologists of the theatre, obliterate if you can this historical fact! Had this talent enjoyed in the capital of the world a general esteem, should we see the Roman orator exerting himself to dispel the prejudices which are excited against *Rocius* on account of his profession? would there have been any necessity to distinguish so accurately between the character of the man and the fault of his art? between the citizen and the actor? Let *Thalia* dictate only lessons of wisdom; let her characters be never traced by the pencil of malignity; let her disciples, both in their public and private capacity, be one and the same personages, be virtuous citizens; the contradiction would soon cease: there would no longer be a dissenting voice as to the rank

rank this art ought to hold in society; an art that has hitherto been useful in speculation and pernicious in practice; always applauded by taste because it is pleasing, and censured by reason because it is silentious.

In vain have mortified speculators, struck with the fate common to manners and talents, accused the latter of having corrupted the former, of having enervated the minds of the people, and accelerated the fall of empires. Like ungrateful children, they vilify the bosom that gave them nourishment. They accuse the fine arts of a misfortune of which they have been not at all the cause, at most only the instrument, and always the victim. Luxury and the passions, these are the true source of the evils of humanity, which occasion at once corruption of manners, and decay of talents. Let us guard ourselves from this fatal poison, and we shall preserve to talents all their glory, and to manners all their innocence.

Rome, intent only on conquests, and aspiring to be mistress of the world, trembled for her manners when she saw the arts and sciences introduced into her bosom. Absurd terror! this was not the enemy she had reason to fear. While she knew how to maintain the severity of her discipline, the exertions of the mind tended only to temper the ferocity of her warriors. But when corrupted by Asiatic luxury, she forgot her own laws, the arts no longer served but to disguise her vices under the mask of refinement, and to render the examples more contagious. Alarmed at the disorder, she banished to no purpose her rhetoricians and philosophers; it was avarice and voluptuousness which she ought to have proscribed. By this salutary decree, virtue, reconciled to talents,

would have derived advantage from their succour, and would have added to their native powers this new charm for gaining the hearts of men.

Sparta had long before, to preserve her virtue, thought herself obliged to shut her gates against those very arts which had rendered Greece so famous; but the proscription fell only on the abuse of talents. Sparta listened to the sounds of the lyre as long as they were calculated to mollify the character of her citizens without enervating their courage; she banished the musicians and poets only when their effeminate songs became dangerous to manners. What a lesson for talents, had they known how to have profited by it!

It is in this respectable school that those should seek instruction who would have us regard the passions as the only principle of the excellent and sublime in the arts, and the constraint in which manners are held as a galling yoke that suppresses the grandeur and energy of nature: a paradox worthy the disciples of Diogenes. Virtue alone can inspire noble ideas, vice is always low and creeping. The passions, freed from the yoke of manners, are savage beasts, and can produce monsters only. Their momentary force is like that of a fever or a delirium, that announces an approaching weakness. If in the excess of their fury the mind should still be capable of reaching to the grand and sublime, the depraved inclinations of the author will be strongly impressed on his works, and this impression is sufficient to excite the contempt of every rational being.

The perfection of the arts, doubtless consists in their imitating nature; and nature teaches us to throw

throw a veil over every thing that is offensive to modesty. There is no nation, however savage and barbarous, that has not received this lesson. If every celebrated artist had faithfully observed this law, many productions which fear has sacrificed to the safety of manners, would still exist. Such as have escaped this wise precaution, purified from the blots that defile them, would deserve to be universally known, and, instead of the profane homage which is paid to them in secret by a few libertine hearts, they would receive the public applause of all virtuous minds. I appeal to licentiousness itself which is most flattering, the suffrage of vice or that of virtue?

But if an entire age were so perverse as to lavish praises on infamous productions, posterity, ashamed of the dishonour, condemned equally the talent and its admirers. No—taste for vice was never constant, can never be more than a temporary intoxication. Sooner or later virtue will regain the ascendancy over fashion and prejudice, and its empire become even the stronger from the persevering assaults of error and the passions.

The more a man is endowed with superiority of talents, the more it imports him to venerate manners. Placed as on an eminence, he cannot be virtuous without eclat, nor vicious without ignominy; his labours, however brilliant they may be, will be ever the most inferior source of his reputation. The gifts of the mind may gain a transient applause, the qualities of the heart interest our feelings and excite a durable respect. Talents can never enjoy so pure a lustre as when they turn to their advantage the veneration we have for virtue. They are surrounded

with rocks that all bear marks of shipwreck: manners are the only pilot that can save them from the danger.

We should doubtless regard as contrary to manners, not only the greater vices condemned by the laws, but also all those weaknesses which the most rigid virtue disavows. The glory of talents would be imperfect if they were not attentive to preserve themselves from both. A fault that would scarcely be perceived in a common picture, would disfigure the whole work of a master, where every thing should be finished. The littlenesses of vanity, the paltriness of interest, the wrongs of jealousy, the bitterness of malignity, are less pardonable in a great man than in a man of moderate abilities, and are sufficient to render his reputation equivocal. Modesty, generosity, rectitude, gentleness, all the virtues that characterise an amiable soul, give to talents a new lustre: with them, they charm us; without them, they only dazzle us.

A superior genius cannot well be ignorant of his merit. A taste for the beautiful, which strongly impresses him wherever he finds it, must equally strike him in his own works as in the productions of another; but if a cautious distrust of himself do not restrain the impulse of vanity, it is to be feared that the most perspicacious mind would soon be the dupe of its illusions.

Self-flattery is so natural, the arch impostor pride can assume so many disguises, praise deludes the heart into so sweet an inebriation that the stoutest virtue is in danger of falling. How then, without the succour of so necessary a guide, can talent, when it runs freely, avoid the precipices that lie concealed in its way?

To sustain a continual struggle between glory and moderation; between the desire, so natural, of occupying the first place, and the fear of mortifying a rival; between frankness, desirous of doing itself justice, and modesty which waits for its reward from the public, is a difficult task: and the heart, unaccustomed to subdue itself, will ever fail. The many examples of the fall of others in similar cases, will only serve to hasten the present, by making it appear more excusable.

I read with transport the productions of the first mind that Rome gave birth to: I admire the fertility of his genius, the force of his eloquence, the rectitude of his character; but I am disgusted with his vanity. A sublime orator, a profound philosopher, an enlightened politician, an amiable citizen, all talents seemed to unite in him. And why pant after praises? Applauded at the bar, respected in the senate, listened to in the academy, arrived by his merit at the pinnacle of honours, successful in his exertions for the public, what had he to fear for his reputation? Must he fall into the same weakness with which he upbraided his master Demosthenes? thus tarnish his own censure, and give the lie to maxims which he delivered with so much emphasis on the contempt of vain glory?

But it is in vain to affect the exterior of modesty, if it be not rooted in the heart. Nature will pierce through the disguise in which pride the most subtil can envelope itself. The first wound that is given to vanity will cause the mask to fall off, and leave to the wearer the double shame of a real vice, and of having badly supported his assumed character.

If a noble passion, when carried

to excess is capable of degrading talents, with what opprobrium will they not be loaded when they are subservient to a base and servile inclination, that of sordid interest? How can men capable of excelling in the arts so far overlook their own merit, combine together elevated ideas and unworthy sentiments, a sublime genius and a mercenary soul! To sacrifice to fortune advantages, which it is beyond her power to bestow, is to be ignorant of the price of them; and since she is so unjust as frequently to leave talents in obscurity, can they better avenge themselves than by despising her favours? the more a man has received from nature, the more is he indebted to society; the highest honors are the reward of his services; but he seems to disclaim these when he seeks another recompense.

The sincere love of virtue and humanity is alone capable of raising the soul to a generous disinterestedness: it leads us to regard talents as a common property, of which our fellow creatures are entitled to the use. Self-love, which confines them to the individual possessor, is an unfaithful guardian; and disposes, as master, of what it is only the distributor. To consecrate them to the public, is to insure their fruits for ever; and if the public should be capable of a failure of gratitude, if posterity should refuse to discharge the debt, a virtuous heart will always find in its own testimony a reward of which nothing can deprive it.

The same principles should banish jealousy from men of talents who excel in the same art; the more numerous they are, the more multiplied will be the public resources; and an abundance here can only be mortifying to contracted souls. To decry the works of honorable

honorable and worthy competitors, to defeat their successes by underhand practices, and to decorate ourselves in their spoils without acknowledging the borrowed honor, is a proceeding that common probity condemns, and of which shame is the recompence. How many talents has this monster envy stifled in the cradle, by crushing their first efforts, or withholding from them the necessary encouragement.

What fury guided the base hand that dared exercise its rage on the immortal paintings of *Le Sueur*? Would it were possible to efface the vestiges of an attempt so dishonorable to the arts, and to restore these admirable performances to their original splendor? Superiority of talent will never degrade itself by such a proceeding; conscious of its own excellence, it can see that of others without inquietude; the merit of its rivals, far from giving it umbrage, seems but the more calculated to aid its success. The justice which it exercises towards them, is repaid with usury; the glory which it consents to share with them, decorates undivided its own brow. *Appelles* was too great to be jealous; it was he who discovered the merit of the excellent painting of *Protogenes*; and if the infant muse of *Horace* was received at the court of *Augustus*, to *Virgil* was the obligation due.

This mean passion has nothing in common with emulation, which is so necessary to talents: jealousy is their poison, emulation is their aliment, and is equally glorious in those whom it animates, and those who are the objects of it. In all cases the reputation of the master

increases in proportion to the progress of his disciples, who, unless they aspire to surpass their model, will never arrive even to an equality with it. Happy the age in which this noble ardour shall reign, when great men shall be rivals without ceasing to be friends, shall labour to excel and not to supplant one another, and shall pursue no other path to glory than that of virtue! In a contest so honorable, the advantage would almost be equal to the conquered and the conqueror; the one would receive the palm without pride, the other would confer it without envy: all would esteem and respect one another: and by praises in which flattery would have no share, they would fix the judgement of their contemporaries and that of posterity.

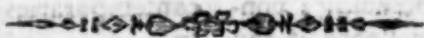
If this spirit of moderation and urbanity had always presided in the disputes of the learned, their studies would have been more useful, and their reputation more brilliant. But to kindle in the peaceful kingdom of letters all the rage of civil war, to make the muses speak a language which the laws of education condemn, to gratify public malignity by a spectacle that makes virtuous men shudder, with whatever specious pretexts it may justify itself, the proceeding is unpardonable. Criticism is doubtless necessary; but if polished manners do not soften its exacerbation, far from conducting to truth, it will serve only to multiply prejudices; far from purifying the taste, it will tend to deprave it; and instead of rendering talents conspicuous, it will dishonor them.

Estimation of the MEDICAL PROFESSION in France.

(From Townsend's Travels, 1787.)

CONVERSING with gentlemen of the medical profession in France, I see clearly that they have not made the same advancement in the science of medicine as gentlemen who have been educated at Edinburgh. The French are fond of Boerhave, and so devoted to Hippocrates, that I am persuaded, in the case of fevers, they often, whilst looking for the crisis, lose the patient. They have almost universally a dread of the antimonial preparations; and when they venture to give the tartar emetic, it is in so small a dose as seldom to do much good. In the year 1566 the parliament of Paris forbade the use of

antimony; and although in 1622 this prohibition was reversed, the fear which had been excited and kept up for more than half a century, continued to operate against this powerful medicine. Whilst in Germany and England the science has been advancing with the most rapid progress, the French physicians seem to have been creeping into day with all the timidity of doubt. One obvious reason may be assigned for this: with us the practice of medicine leads to wealth and honor, whereas in France it leads to neither; the fees are contemptible, and, excepting in Paris, the profession is despised.



An Account of the INSECT called the VEGETABLE FLY.

(By Dr. W. WATSON.)

THE Vegetable Fly is found in the island of Dominica, and (excepting that it has no wings) resembles the drone both in size and colour, more than any other English insect. In the month of May it buries itself in the earth, and begins to vegetate. By the latter end of July, the tree is arrived at its full growth, and resembles a coral branch; and is about three inches high, and bears several little pods; which, dropping off, become worms, and from thence flies, like the English caterpillar. Such is the extraordinary account which hath been repeatedly transmitted to England concerning this insect: Dr. Watson, however, (or rather Dr. Hill in a letter to the former), gives a very different account of its imaginary vegetation. There is in Martinique, says Dr. Hill, a fungus of the

clavaria kind, different in species from those hitherto known. It produces soboles from its sides. I called it therefore Clavaria Sobolifera. It grows on putrid animal bodies, as our *sungus ex pede equino* from the dead horse's hoof.—The Cicada is common in Martinique, and in its nymph state, buries itself under dead leaves to wait its change; and when the season is unfavorable, may perish. The seeds of the Clavaria find a proper bed on this dead insect, and grow. This, continues the doctor, is the fact, and all the fact; though the untaught inhabitants suppose a fly to vegetate; and though there exists a Spanish drawing of the plant's growing into a trifoliolate tree; and has been figured with the creature flying with the tree upon its back.

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Massey Mag.



DELIGHTS
OF BENEVOLENCE.

L. H. P. sculp.

The DELIGHTS of BENEVOLENCE.

*(Continued from page 85.)**(Embellished with an Engraving.)*

THE CONTEST.

IN a few days after the return to R—, letters arrived from London.

The letters of the countess expressed her entire approbation of, and consent to, the intended journey into Wales. Lady Isabella's letter was accompanied with a present to her sister, the most acceptable—several new publications.

"I send you, dear Frances, a collection of what the world calls good things; but you, I know, do not regard the opinion of the world; you consult your own judgment and feelings. In the collection, however, you will find poems by Silvester Otway.—I mention them particularly, as the countess speaks highly of them. Indeed the elegy on the death of lady Matilda Birmingham has cost our dear and beloved mother so many tears, that I have often been tempted to be very angry with the poet."

THE EXCURSION.

It was the middle of April, when lady Frances, Mrs. Templar, and Miss Percival, set off from R—, on their excursion into Wales.

As they travelled by very short stages, and would stop a day or two where any thing agreeable or worthy of notice presented itself, it was the beginning of May (the lovely and favorite mistress of the year) before they arrived at the house of Mrs. Lewes.

THE RECEPTION.

Nothing could be more flattering than their reception at this lovely meeting; every face wore joyous smiles; every thing prepared with that plenteous, yet elegant simplicity, which spoke at once the refined taste, and generous hospitality of

the owner; but the respect was paid to the virtuous, and not only to the rank of men, but likewise to the visitors. Mrs. Lewes had none of that absurd pride which is derived from ancient ancestry only, and which too often extinguishes the nobler pride of virtue, though she was in a country, and among people, whose consequence and happiness are concentrated in a long roll of old parchment, with the names of all their forefathers (the gentleman of figleaved memory excepted); but as their ceremonious visits were irksome, Mrs. Lewes kept very little company.

THE PARTERRE.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the ladies in the morning, when ushered into the breakfast-parlour. Such a parterre—Thomson, it is thy parterre, which my feeble pen shall not fully in the description.

The residence of Mrs. Lewes was indeed an earthly paradise. The house was built on a gentle eminence, sheltered at the back by a wood, of lofty and venerable trees, behind which a mountain reared its imperious head, and bid defiance to the pernicious blast of the north east wind. About a quarter of a mile from the front of the house ran a river, and on the bank (as far as the domain of Mrs. Lewes extended), a double row of trees, interspersed with clumps of roses, jessamine, honey-suckle, and every odoriferous plant, flower and shrub, that grace the different season; on the side was a bank of rocks that in some parts appeared as if heaped upon each other, and again projected with ragged pride, to catch silvery kisses from the rivers waved swelling bosom. This spot lady Frances

Frances called the palace of Echo; for that deceiver answered with a thousand seeming tongues, even a moderate voice; and the sounds were so distinct, and distant from each other, that all strangers were struck with the idea that several people were dispersed in the different cavities of the rock, for the purpose of surprising them.

THE DOMAIN.

The domain of Mrs. Lewes was a further proof of the taste and economy of that lady; though her fortune was made, yet every thing bore the appearance of plenty, cleanliness, and peace; and every thing necessary for a family was produced upon it.

After some days, and that the visitors were a little recovered from their fatigues, Miss Percival expressed a wish to ascend the mountain, at the back of the wood, which they did with some difficulty; but their labor was amply recompensed by the charming prospect, that flashed, as by enchantment, on the sight. Here nature reigned, and in uncontrollable luxury she reigned supreme. While lady Frances was adoring, in silent rapture, the great, the almighty source of all, her pious attentions were arrested by a small grove of trees that appeared as if regulated by art. "I suppose," said she to Mrs. Lewes, "some person resides near that spot." "Yes, lady Frances, a recluse." "A recluse!" said Miss Percival. "I think I can discover in this extensive landscape before us a much pleasanter situation than the one she has chosen." "That may be your opinion," said Mrs. Lewes; "but she chose it for a reason that determines at once the strength of her understanding, and the deepness of her affliction. She chose it because the country people for many miles round believed it

to be haunted; and I suppose she had considered it as a certain security against interruption. The event has proved the justness of her ideas; for it would be considered as sacrilege the most heinous, to intrude a step towards her habitation beyond the limits she has prescribed."

"How much I should like to see her!" said Miss Percival. This was opposed by all;—that young lady's mind was in too gloomy a state. "Besides," said Mrs. Lewes, "she endeavours to avoid all conversation, it would therefore be cruelty in the extreme to intrude upon her private sorrows, for sorrowful she certainly is."

THE REGRET.

From this time the benevolent heart of Lady Frances felt sensations of the deepest regret. "Oh how I lament," said she to herself, "that I cannot, with the least attention to delicacy, offer the balm of sympathising consolation to this secluded stranger. Was it the common benefits of nature poverty held from her, I would drive from her door that meagre daughter of necessity; but to know a child of despair exists so near me in misery beyond my power to remove, is painful indeed."

THE CONSULTATION.

Lady Frances did not fail to consult with her amiable aunt, how or in what manner she should introduce herself (with any strict propriety) to the recluse. After many resolutions adopted, and again rejected, she determined to rise early every morning during her stay in Wales, to enjoy the rural beauties, and take a simple lad (a servant of Mrs. Lewes) to attend her. When she came near the habitation of the recluse, she always dismounted, and walked alone for some time several mornings. She pursued

pursued her plan without any appearance of success.

THE SHEEP.

One morning when she was alone, she concluded to persevere no longer. Just as she was going to mount her horse, a sheep came bleating to her. She stopped—it suffered her to caress it—she sat down on the grass—it laid down by her. “This is very strange,” said lady Frances, “do you know who this sheep belongs to?” “I dare say, my lady, (said the trembling boy) it belongs to the lady of the cave.” “You seem frightened; what is the matter with you?” “Oh! my lady, it is a spirit!” “A spirit! what do you mean? cannot you see it is a sheep!” “Oh dear, indeed, my lady, it is a spirit; and I dare say it will come to you at night, for all it seems so good natured now—and if I was not afraid, I would tell all.” “Well,” said lady Frances, “I can prevent it from hurting any body; so you may tell me all you know.” “Well then, may it please you, my lady, that place is haunted, and the spirits come in all manner of shapes; like crows, and owls, and pigeons, and all sorts of birds and beasts.” He had begun to tell lady Frances all the dismal tales related by his grandmother, and perhaps his great grandmother—stories that had no other foundation than the death of a poor old woman that lived there about a hundred years before, and had been a reputed witch—when he was interrupted by the appearance of the recluse; she came up to her stray sheep—“Ungrateful animal,” said she, “wilt thou desert me? did I not save thee from the savage butcher’s knife? and have I not protected and cherished thee ever since? And have I not led thee to where spring the sweet-

est blades of green? and when winter’s frosty lips had nipped their verdure, hast thou not feasted upon the delicious turnip-root, preserved by the careful hand of thy friend? But why upbraid thee? perhaps thou hast found a benefactress that will foster thee when thy affectionate companion is again incorporated with her kindred clay.” She pressed with her hand his fleecy coat, and kissed his neck—“Yes,” said she, turning to lady Frances, “I see thou art a daughter of benevolence—I see it by thy expressive eye, that swims in the gracious stream of humanity.” Lady Frances was indeed much affected at the pathetic manner in which she had addressed her sheep.

THE INVITATION.

Taking the hand of lady Frances, “come with me to my cave (said she); be not afraid, because no human being but myself has been within it for more than thirty years; thou shalt not meet with any thing to alarm thee.” The rejoiced lady Frances gladly accepted the invitation, and offered her arm to the recluse—the sheep trotted by them.

As soon as they were out of the sight of the servant—“As no doubt thou hast heard of me,” said the recluse, “perhaps suspicious fears may arise in thy bosom; we will set down on this little hillock, and I will explain enough to remove thy apprehensions,” “I have none,” replied lady Frances. “I do not imagine (continued the recluse) that thou art so weak as to believe the idle stories retailed by the people of this country, who affirm, that this spot is the rendezvous of evil spirits (ideas which exist only in their own perverted imagination) but as the entrance into my grove may surprise thee, I think it necessary

ry to inform thee, it is the asylum of the feathered race—an asylum where no sportsman, however hardy, dare to venture; at least they have never attempted it since I have lived there. You must expect therefore to meet with confidence in my little warblers; they will not fly

from thee as an enemy, but fly to thee as a friend capable of affording them protection." "I declare, upon my word of honor," replied lady Frances, "that I have not the smallest apprehension of danger while I am with you."

(*To be continued.*)

REMARKS on the CLERGY.

Being No. IX. of the VIGIL, an American periodical publication.

THAT ministers are but men is an observation frequently enough made, though not so often realized; yet, if we were to judge by the restraints, which men in their own minds, are wont to lay on those, who serve at the altar, we should suppose it necessary for a man to rise far above the reach of sense, in order to qualify himself for the sacred trust.

From such notions as these, many a young gentleman of respectable talents, and honest sentiments, has avoided the clerical profession, for no other reason than "that he felt like a man." This world was never designed to be a theatre for the displays of perfection; and so far is man from rising here to that summit, of which his nature seems capable, that he is not destined to become a purely rational animal. He is surrounded by sensible objects. From them he receives his first impressions, and by them compares his subsequent ideas.

From such a being as this, made up of sense and reason, what are we to expect? certainly not desires, that are uniformly detached from the world: But men must love and hate, rejoice and mourn, as objects affect them.

In this infancy of reason, he who is capable of ascending quite beyond the influence of this turbid

atmosphere, and divest himself wholly of sensual affection, if such an attainment were possible, would not be a proper instrument in this benighted world, to instruct mankind to pursue the paths of life.

We are taught in revelation to renounce the world: But no one, from this precept, ever thought it his duty to neglect entirely those means that tend to the comfort, and convenience of life; why then to deny himself every innocent relaxation of thought?

If men are to renounce the world, in the absolute sense of the expression, before they can be qualified to instruct in the great duties of religion; ways and means must be devised to charm down angels to minister in holy things. The idea, that ministers are to exercise affections different from other men, and live other lives, has made many a wry face and sad countenance; but never a heart warmed with true devotion; and men, in general, are uncandid enough to use even the appearance of sanctity in the clerical order, as a reproach to religion, and a discouragement to its friends.

But sadness and solitude are not the genuine fruits of devotion. The good man, of all others, has the smallest occasion to mourn. His prospects are clear and lun-

ous; and he trusts in a religion, that does not lead him to happiness through penance and mortification: But that which commands him to rejoice, that his name is written in Heaven. But with what panoply shall a man prepare himself to enter the holy welfare? it is certainly true, that he must "set his affections on divine objects; and it is no less true, that every other man must, who expects a title to a heavenly inheritance. He must be serious in a serious cause." An attempt to excite the laugh becomes the pulpit the poorest of all places. Men are not to be jeered into religion: But every energy of the understanding must be put in exercise to comprehend its momentous truths.

It is necessary for the clergyman, more than any other public character, to study purity of taste in his composition, to avoid scrupulously every expression, that can be perverted to a ludicrous or a licentious idea. He should study a variety, both in the style and arrangement of his sermons; and in the language of scripture, he should be able "to bring out of his treasure things new and old." In this way he would never preach to walls and benches; nor to men and women, who merely vegetate at church, and return as empty as they came.

The pulpit is confessed the best stage for a brilliant, and sublime composition. There are to be illustrated the important maxims of moral philosophy; and the sublime and comfortable doctrines of revelation; a subject as diffusive as the moral world is extensive.

In the common intercourse of life, let the clergyman act like other men, mingle with the people of his charge, partake of their honest employments, and innocent amusements. In short, let him cultivate a social, humane, and affable disposition.

I confess I know of no situation in life, in which the virtues of the human character are more illustriously exhibited, than in that of the honest clergyman.

His occupation, it is true, requires genius, and study; but admits of that literary leisure, and exercise of domestic virtues, which to a man of sentiment, are of more value than rubies. He is employed in building up a kingdom of greater extent and duration than was Alexander, or Tamerlane. His duty calls him to the comfortless cottage of the indignant, to the house of wo, and to administer consolation to the mourner. By this he naturally acquires a habit of sensibility and compassion, "and learns the luxury of doing good."

A N E C D O T E S.

A COURIER being very ill, and deeply in debt, told his confessor, that the only favor he had to ask of God, was, that it would please him to lengthen his life until he had discharged his debts. The confessor, believing that he had a real design to pay them, replied, that the motive was so good, that

there was room to hope God would grant his request. If God was to favour me so far, said the sick man, (aside to one of his old acquaintance) I might be certain never to die.

The late Captain Cook, when a very young man, was solicited to be godfather

godfather to a female child of a friend, which he consented to; and after the ceremony was over, said sportively to her father, that he intended her for his wife. This resolution, however unlikely to be carried into execution at that time, he lived to perform; and from the mutual affection which subsisted between him and his consort, he seem-

ed to have insured to himself a fund of domestic happiness to cheer the latter part of his life, had he not unfortunately fallen a victim to that intrepid disposition, which, until this fatal voyage, had brought him home safe, to the satisfaction of all his friends, who now most sincerely lament his loss.



ALEXIS: Or, The *COTTAGE* in the *WOODS*.

(Continued from page 92.)

PART THIRD.

Adventures incident to Alexis after his leaving the Cottage.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN OF A VERY SINGULAR CHARACTER
UNDERTAKES TO BE THE GUIDE OF A-
LEXIS.

O SINGULAR instability of things—O wonderful variety of human vicissitudes! who can explain your nature—who can flatter himself to elude your power? Thus it was not enough of the scourges and evils that infest the globe; must also the passions of men have been added to them?—The difference of characters, as visible as physiognomy, are the only sources of the troubles and discord which divide society. The wicked undo the good, and drag them into the precipice with themselves.—Thus my neighbor sets fire to his house, and it consumes mine; so must I, who am good-natured, humane, sensible, and generous, become the victim of the vices which infect the heart of my friends, my parents, or those on whom I depend. Dependence is the source of a thousand disorders. Such a one, born honest and virtuous, is hurried into perverseness, because he was compelled, in the course of his life, to flatter the vanity of sots

to be subservient to the passions of the great, and to knock at the temple of fortune, and at every door which the hazard of circumstances had placed in his way.—A close tie unites society so strongly, that no individual can form a true resolution without the concurrence of the others. Is it not the combination of circumstances which determine that profession? It requires only a single word, a single step, a single glance of beauty to overturn all your projects, and make you often take a resolution quite opposite to that which once was the favourite object of your ambition. What an instability! what a subordination to the laws of events!

Alexis, whilst living in the cottage, thought he should never leave it, and flattered himself to spend a life of peace and tranquility. He, who detested a residence in towns, found nothing that could engage him to return and inhabit them a second time. Yet a stranger compels him to it; a stranger, of a jealous, violent, and vindictive habit; he bids Alexis imitate his vices—he will have him to share one half of the venom which infects his heart; he puts the dagger of crimes in his hand, and covers the atrocity to be committed with the cloak of unspotted

unspotted justice, and heaven-born gratitude. Thus to men subordinate, what should be most sacred to them, to the purpose of gratifying their passions! Hear the covetous—he finds always lawful reasons to pursue with jealousy the objects of his boundless appetite—the ambitious exclaim how merit and equity ought to elevate him to the pitch of grandeur—the libertine excuses himself with the violence of his senses—the flatterer pretends the necessity of making friends:—they are never in the wrong!—virtue and justice are always the language of their mouths, but how far are they from their hearts!

Thus Alexis is forced to leave all that is dear to him—a mistress, a place of refuge—in short, he abandons all! forces his inclination, and runs to the world for adventures.—Now behold him alone and solitary in the woods; he is drest in his former decent clothes; in one hand a knapsack with provisions, the gift of Germain; in the other a knotty stick; his little round hat shelters his face against the ardour of the sun; his brown hair, floating in natural ringlets, hangs about his shoulders: He has, indeed, the gold of Dorance, but it is a treasure which flatters him but little.—How much would he prefer simplicity and rest! He slowly continues his way; sometimes he turns towards the cottage, now out of view.—His eyes, wet with tears, are lifted towards heaven—It is of heaven he now expects all—it is heaven that will be his guide, and will preserve his youth from striking upon the shoals of inexperience.

Let us accompany Alexis in all his travels—let us mark for his fate

every concern which a befriended, shelterless orphan of eighteen must necessarily excite insensible souls!

Alexis had now left the cottage one league behind him; uncertain what way to take, he strayed at random, when hearing a singular noise near him under ground, it attracted his attention and chilled his soul with terror. He stops—the earth shakes—the bushes, which hide the entrance to a subterranean abode, are seen to move—a cavern opens—out of it comes a man, pale and bewildered; his eyes, sunk in his head, and covered with thick brows, seem extinguished by languor and disease—in short, it is not an animate being—it is a ghost! a phantom!—cast up from the innermost recesses of the earth to frighten Alexis. The latter was hesitating, whether he should stay or fly, when the stranger, throwing himself at his feet, cried, with a tone of voice that would have melted a cannibal's heart. "Ah! Signor; Signor! save me! help me!"—"Who are you?"—"A poor harmless creature! an *infelice cavaliere*!* who expects of you either life or death."—"Speak! be explicit!"—"First Signor, let us leave this cursed place; we might be overheard and pursued."—"By whom?"—"By the russians I leave!—Oh! let me follow you! and, above all, be not afraid; my exterior frightens you; *Lo vedo* †; but if you once knew my heart, you will know *lo povero Carlo Sciocco* ‡. You will pity him, assist him, and love him!"

Alexis did not know how to believe the stranger's words.—A man of a ghastly aspect, coming out of a cavern in the middle of a forest, alarmed his natural mistrust. And setting aside mistrust, what traveller

is

* An unfortunate gentleman.

† I see it.

‡ The poor Carlo Sciocco.

is bold enough not to apprehend something at so particular a meeting? Yet, the man was alone, unarmed, prostrate, his voice was sweet, and even effeminate; he was shedding tears, and imploring our young hero's assistance. What could make him to be feared?—Alexis was good, sensible, generous; he raised the stranger from the ground, and permitted him to follow him. "Come," said he, "come with me, unhappy stranger; but, before you expect my confidence, first give me your own; and, with the most scrupulous fidelity, give me a recital of your misfortunes, and what you have been doing in this forest!"—"O Santa Maria, Divine Giesu!"* exclaims Carlo, leaping for joy, "what blessing! what unexpected joy!—Yes, Signor, you shall know all—my history is not long—hear it, and make me the happiest of mortals, in permitting me to follow *vostra fortuna*,† and to prove you my gratitude to the last of my life." "We shall see that when you have told me who you are." "I am *Italiano*, Signor, *Italiano di Napoli*.‡ Let us march—be all attention."

Our two itinerants, at these words, got into a path that led them to the highway, and, whilst they were thus proceeding, Carlo related his adventures to young Alexis, who did not lose a single word.

My father was a great musician at Naples. He married, and had a son; but a few years after, having a quarrel with a bad *canfoniere*,§ his neighbour, who pretended to be on a level with him in point of merit, they fought a duel, in which my father's antagonist fell. From that moment, my father was forced to quit Naples, to lose his place, and

to take refuge with his family at Santa Croce, a little adjacent village, where he shifted, and was at the greatest pains in getting a livelihood. I was five years old, and he, intending to make me an orphelus of the first eminence, deprived me of what is more than life, to give my voice the power and sound of a woman's. I lost my parents at an early period of life, and, after having long travelled through Italy, I settled at last at Frascati, where I instructed a great number of the inhabitants in music and composing. At sixteen, I was independent, and left wholly to myself, with a fine competency. There are many fine palaces in Frascati belonging to persons of the first eminence; I sung in their assemblies, and was universally courted; but I disliked my profession; born with a feeling heart, and a gloomy mind, whose only delight was the study of philosophy, I became tired of being the buffoon of every body, and longed for calm and solitude. Any situation in life, by which I might have gained these advantages, had it even been beneath mine own, would have appeared to me the completest happiness on earth; I found it one day by the greatest hazard in the world.

A French nobleman, whose name was Mandeville, was upon his travels through Italy, and passed through Frascati. He had heard so much of this *Tusculum novum*, which is built upon the declivity of a mountain on the very spot of the ancient *Tusculum*, that he resolved to spend some time in it. As he lived in the same house where I kept lodgings, we soon became acquainted, this young rich and handsome chevalier, was passionately fond

* O St. Mary! O divine Jesus.

† Italian, Sir, Italian of Naples.

‡ Your fortune.

§ Singer.

fond of music, and was highly delighted to hear me sing. He came every night to my apartment, and I rehearsed before him the best songs of our great masters, accompanying them on the harpsicord. I then taught music to Signora Lauretta Mazarelli, the eldest daughter of Signor Mazarelli, descended of a noble and wealthy family. Mazarelli one day gave a concert at his house, where I introduced the chevalier Mandeville. How much had I to repent of my complaisance! The chevalier had no sooner seen Lauretta than he fell desperately in love with her. He made me the confidante of his passion, and, by dint of intreaties and presents, devoted me so much to his service, that I became the slave of his commands. Lauretta, who was also dying for the chevalier, having made me the same proposals, I was, in spite of myself, involved in the intrigue, without either daring or being able to keep out of it, for Signora Lauretta, a woman of an impetuous, fiery, and revengeful temper, threatened to bore me through like a sieve, if I dared to unravel the secret to her father. Mazarelli expected hourly a Venetian nobleman, his intimate friend, to whom he had promised his daughter. The Venetian arrived at this critical moment. The young Signora hated Alforo (the name of her future spouse) to the utmost degree. She was the first who proposed to the chevalier to elope with her to France. Mandeville had no sort of objection. They both were in need of my services to succeed in their enterprise, and my imprudence complied with their desire. You shall see, Signor, the issue of the whole business, and the circumstances which resulted from it. Lau-

retta, since the arrival of her intended spouse, who was of a most jealous disposition, never left the house. She was closely watched, and I was the only person who had access to her apartment to give her the usual lesson. I contrived, in order to get her out of it, a peculiar stratagem which might have turned out very bad for me, had not I made use of all the prudence and skill I was master of.

Lauretta, by my advice, laid down, and feigned an indisposition. I came to her father's house about six in the evening, and having covered my face with a handkerchief, under pretence of a violent tooth-ach, went up to her apartment. Half an hour after I went out, and told her women, who were in an adjoining room, that their mistress was fast asleep, and desired nobody would enter her apartment, and, condemning myself for neglecting to bring an interesting piece of music, I returned, and instantly gave my clothes to Lauretta, and went to bed in her place. Lauretta, in this disguise, put her handkerchief over her face, passed through the middle of her women, who did not know her again, left the house, and stepped into a post-chaise, which waited, with the chevalier, in some adjacent little street. *Bene, Signor bene!* Signora was gone but I was left in the lurch, and to get out of it put me at no small loss. Half an hour after her elopement a woman entered the apartment, approached my bed, and asked if I wanted any thing. I had put on the night-cap of Lauretta, and, for one who was ignorant of the stratagem, it was impossible to discover the cheat. Alarmed at this sudden intrusion, I hid my face in the pillow, and feigned, in this state, to be fast asleep,

* Well, Sir, well!

asleep, not *sonno ronfatore*, ma *d'un sonno dolcete tranquillo*.^{*} The donna did not disturb me in my rest, but retired and shut the door after her.

Being anxious, as you may suppose, to leave a place where my life was in danger, I put on a pair of trousers and a brown jacket which I had taken care to bring with me, then climbing up the chimney, I worked so hard both with my knees and elbows, that I reached the top in a little time. It was dark; I went down the roof, and finding the window of a neighbouring house open, I ventured in without knowing how I should be able to get out of it. The door which communicated to the house was actually shut, but being easy to open it from within, I did it, and went in the dark,

down stairs, and passed through a garden whose gate happened to be open, into the street.

You must admire, Signor, the propitiousness of all the circumstances. If yourself had been in the same jeopardy, you would, perhaps, not have got off so well; because of destiny and predestination?—"How predestination?" said Alexis.—*Si Signor, Si Signor!*† do but listen, and you will soon see what I mean by this word. Nay, I am a philosopher—a downright philosopher.

Alexis, judging Carlo to be an eccentric character, could not help laughing; but his companion, who was not aware of it, continued his tale with a seriousness really comical. (To be continued.)

^{*} Not in a snoring, but in a sweet and tranquil sleep. † Yes, Sir; Yes, Sir.

RECEIPT to kill VERMIN on PLANTS.

MIX one ounce of flower of brimstonewiththree pounds of turnip-seed daily, for three days successively, in an earthen glazed pot, and keep it covered close, stirring together well at each fresh addition, that the seed may be the more impregnated with the sulphur; then sow it as usual on an acre of ground; and, let the weather happen wet or dry, it will keep the fly off till the third or fourth seedling leaf is formed; and by this time they will be somewhat bitterish, and consequently much out of danger of the little black flying insects, which in summer maybe sometimes seen in swarms on the wing near the ground, searching for and settling on the fresh bites, till they ruin many acres in some seasons, by lying and residing under the little clots of earth at night, and also during the day following.

As for caterpillars, and other in-

sects which bite the young cabbage plants, radishes, &c. they may be prevented very easily, by the following remedy—Take a pail of dung-water, and infuse into it,

Of Asafoetida	_____	6 dwt.
Woad	_____	3 dwt.
Garlick	_____	3 dwt.
Laurel berries bruised		3 dwt.
Leaves or tops of elder,		one hand- ful.

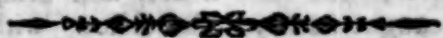
Carline, white Cameleon, or Thistle root, one handful.

Let the whole digest for three days and three nights. When you have occasion to use this composition, take a whisp of rye-straw, and dipping it in the pail, sprinkle the small plants that are infected by those insects, which will soon perish or forsake the place.

To this remedy we will add another, which is infallible against the caterpillars in cabbage—Sow with
hemp

hemp all the borders of the ground where you mean to plant your cabbage, and you will see with surprise, that altho' the neighbour-

hood is infected with caterpillars, the space inclosed by the hemp, will be perfectly free; not one of the vermin will approach it.



A SINGULAR ADVENTURE, described.

In a Letter from a Gentleman in London, to his Friend in the Country.

DEAR FRANK,

YOU doubtless wonder at a silence so much longer than usual, on my side; but when I inform you, of the extraordinary incident which has occasioned it, your surprize will be still increased.

What will you say, my friend, when I tell you, I am become in one short hour as true a lover in the words of Shakespeare,

"As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow?"

Do not laugh at this confession;—but, in sober sadness, I am over head and ears in love.

Impossible; you cry; what you who have so long defied the sex?

Yes, Frank,—I am fairly caught—and my next letter, I fore see, will be to desire you to give orders to my servants at my seat at the grove, in your country, to prepare every thing in the house and gardens with the utmost elegance, for their master's nuptials.

But to lead, in some order, to this wonderful event.

About a fortnight ago, I dined at the Star and Garter with a select party of friends, and we did not break up till nearly twelve at night. My chariot, by some means was not arrived, and as it was moonlight, I chose to walk home, as the distance was so little. I had not gone twenty yards before I was accosted by a female voice, earnestly begging me to stop one moment.

You know my sober principles

too well, my friend, to make it necessary for me to say, a request from one of *that class* of females, of which this young creature appeared to be, never yet, and never will meet with any attention from me; but there was something in this girl's voice particularly plaintive and irresolute.

I turned round to see who it was that spoke, when I saw the face of the most beautiful young creature I had ever beheld, covered with tears. She was endeavouring to conceal those tears under a little black bonnet. The moon shone so bright, I could plainly see she was neatly drest, and had a small bundle under her arm. I put my hand in my pocket to give her a few shillings, but found I had only a ten pound note.

As from her manner she appeared in the utmost distress, I bade her follow me to the tavern, which was next door, and I would get change, and give her a crown, to keep herself honest. She clasped her hands with great energy, exclaiming, "God bless you!"—and followed me, but with such weak, feeble steps, that I imagined she must have been just risen from a sick bed.

When we arrived at the tavern, I ordered a room; and whilst the waiter was getting change for my note, I rang for a bottle of wine, and a cold chicken.—She stood all this time at a distance, but on seeing me cutting up the chicken, in a kind

kind of frenzy, for which I could not then account, she suddenly flung herself at my feet, and with a frantic air, which, however, was inimitably beautiful, caught me by the arm, exclaiming, with the utmost earnestness—"For heaven's sake, forbear to touch that food, till I have carried a morsel of it to my wretched parents, who, with my three little brothers, are starving—are perishing with hunger; not even one mouthful of bread, have they tasted these two days."

I went to raise her, but whether this young creature imagined I was going to take some unbecoming liberties from my taking hold of her, to place her in a chair, I know not, but, violently screaming, she fainted immediately. I was extremely surprized and affected. I then saw her lovely face was much emaciated, and likewise her arms; as if, from having suffered long in great want.

To enable her to breathe with greater freedom, I flung off her bonnet, which had before concealed the profusion of her fine hair, and an old tattered, but clean laced cap, which spoke its wearer had known better days. I gazed upon her with astonishment—her extreme youth; her meagre appearance (but ah! how lovely!) strongly excited my pity;—whilst her languid head was reclined on my shoulder. As she still continued in this strong fainting fit, I rang the bell for water and hartshorn, when a pert waiter appeared, who pretending to be witty on the occasion, cried, "Upon my word, she, 'acts it rarely;—I judged, when 'your honor brought her in, she 'was some artful hussy. This 'girl, sir, young as she is, I warrant has been upon the town, off 'and on, for these several years

"past, and these fits, I suppose, are 'a new stratagem."

I bade him forbear his impertinence, and bring some hartshorn. The fellow withdrew, shrugging his shoulders, and repeating, "hartshorn, indeed; God help thee for an honest country gentleman."

The lovely girl soon after began to recover; when staring upon me wildly, "with famine in her eye," she begged I would give her one morsel of bread, for that she was almost expiring for want of food.—With frightful eagerness she devoured what I gave her on the plate, then burst into a violent passion of tears, which greatly relieved her. I begged to know her sorrows, and assured her that she was in safe and honorable hands. Honorable I chose to say, as I was convinced from her unaffected reserve, and delicacy of manner, that she was perfectly innocent; and that her accosting me in the street, was merely owing to her despair, and the bitterness of her distress.

When her oppressed heart seemed relieved by her tears, I begged to know what was the present situation of her parents, whom she had mentioned with such heart-felt sorrow.

"I am (continued I) accustomed to hear the language of anxiety, but custom has not made me insensible to distress, or inattentive to its relief."

Heavens! with what a piercing look of gratitude did she regard me on my saying this!—Ah! my friend, I am convinced, that from that moment she was not indifferent to me! I soon found she had no studied tale to tell; but in the most artless manner she informed me, that her father had been a very considerable merchant in London:—But take her own words, in her own

own simple style, the genuine language of pure nature.

"My father dealt very largely at Lisbon, in partnership with my uncle, for whom he was unfortunately bound in a bond of five thousand pounds. My uncle failing the next year, the whole debt fell upon my father, who had just received the sad news of hearing his whole plantations had been destroyed by an hurricane at Antigua. By these great and unavoidable misfortunes, he found himself reduced to the greatest distress. Every thing was seized, and my poor parents, with three little boys and myself, were obliged to secrete ourselves in an obscure lodging, where we soon began to suffer the extremes of poverty. My dear mother parted with every article of that apparel she had worn in better days, and indeed with every the most common necessities. They both said they could support their own misfortunes with some degree of fortitude; but when they heard my little brothers crying round them for bread, then it was they felt the most poignant anguish. As to me, sir, (continued the sweet girl, with an angel's innocence) as I was now turned of fifteen, I did what I could to support these dear parents with my needle; but alas! a violent fever, from which I am but barely recovered, rendered that pleasing task impossible: I have, however, crawled out, for this last month, unknown to my wretched family, and sold a few useless trinkets I had by me; and, indeed, the chief part of my apparel, together with a piece of lace which was given me by my god-mother;—but, alas! I could get but little for these things. My poor father, to add to our misery, has been extremely ill for several weeks; and,

terrible to relate, my excellent mother, who has long been in a declining state, spent with hunger, and harrassed with fatigue, is now, with her beloved husband, absolutely perishing with famine.—My youngest brother is sickening with the small pox, and the others I left crying for bread.—Oh, sir, (continued she weeping)—I could not bear it!—In a fit of despair, I took the last garment I have in the world, in this small bundle, and came out this evening to purchase, with its value, a morsel of some comfortable food for my dying parents, but could by no means dispose of my small parcel. Driven almost to frenzy, I was determined to ask charity of the first person I should see who had the appearance of a gentleman. Pity the sufferings, Sir, of these miserable parents—of these wretched children.—And, oh, (throwing herself at my feet, in the most heart-moving attitude) spare—spare my innocence!"

O, my friend, what a wretch must that man be, who would have robbed her of it!—I was not that man, nor had a thought entered my breast that was not guarded by the strictest virtue.

"Rise, (said I, with as much tenderness as I could speak) rise, and be assured I will this moment relieve the distresses of your unhappy family. I will attend you to their abode. Where is it?"

"In a wretched alley in the next street (she replied in a transport of gratitude, snatching my hand to her lips) O, gracious heaven! but can you, Sir—will you be so good?"

I rang the bell to have a coach called, and ordered a hamper to be filled with wines and foods of various kinds.

All being ready, I handed this lovely

lovely girl into the coach, into which I got myself with our luggage, and soon arrived, by her direction, at the entrance of a dark narrow alley.

Oh, my friend! what a refined delight did I that moment enjoy! how infinitely superior to the most voluptuous enjoyments of the most sensual libertine!

My fair conductress led me, or rather I followed her, to a miserable old house up the alley, and after we had ascended four pair of stairs, she stopped at a small chamber door, when I told my guide, I thought it best she should enter first, lest the appearance of a stranger might be too much for the spirits of the sick inhabitants. I stood behind an old screen, where it was impossible I should be seen, though I could hear all that passed.—But what language can express the affecting scene! The eloquence of a Rousseau, the pen of a Richardson, could only do it justice.

On an old tattered bed lay the emaciated father, supporting in his feeble arms, a woman whom I thought already dead, though it proved afterwards, that she had just fallen into a short slumber.—Two little boys were kneeling by the side of a child, who appeared extremely ill of the small-pox, and who was wrapt in a blanket, and lay on the hearth, on which were a few dying embers.

"Oh, Harriet, I am glad you are come; (said one of the little boys) I have been nursing Tommy ever since you went.—He cries for water, but I have none to give him. As to my poor mamma, I believe she is gone indeed."

The amiable Harriet now advanced to the bed of her parents, and kneeling by her mother, kissed her pale cheek.

"Art thou gone (said she) for ever!—no—not for ever!"

The father now opened his languid eyes.

"Harriet, my child (in faltering accents he said) where hast thou been?—thy poor mother is sleeping:—speak softly.—Get me a drop of water.—I am very faint.—But say, where hast thou been?"

"Oh, sir, I have met with a guardian angel:—(presenting him with a cup of wine)—drink this—and I will tell you all."

"Alas! rash girl—what hast thou done? say—thou hast not sold thy innocence! distracting thought!—it must—it must be so. O heavens! all—all but this I could have borne!—what am I to think of this—(looking on what was brought) but that thy infamy has been the shocking purchase!—This—this is death indeed!—O Harriet! whilst thou wast honest, then—thou wast a cherubim."

I now advanced, and after clearing up the whole affair—and assuring him, that I was come to see, to serve, and to relieve them to the utmost of my power, I intreated him to partake of the food which was set before him;—and added, that his admirable daughter was spotless, as angel innocence.

The mother now awoke, and being informed of the above particulars, clasped my hand in her's with a speechless transport, that beggars all description.

I assisted the lovely daughter in giving some nourishment to these worthy people; whilst the little children kneeled around us, and claimed their share.—What an hour of heart-felt satisfaction was this,

"To vulgar minds unknown!"

I was delighted with Mr. Ashby, which is the name of this good man.

man.—I found him sensible and well bred. After a short time spent I took my leave and retired for that night, with a promise to return in the morning, to consult by what methods I should best relieve their distresses. Ah, Frank!—I retired to my splendid apartments, but found not there, my wonted rest! the affecting scene of misery I had just left, but, above all the idea of the exalted daughter never left me one moment.

I rose early, and after having provided large and very commodious lodgings for Mr. Ashley's family, my feet imperceptibly guided me to where I was more interested than I even then knew. My own carriage, and a coach attending by my order, after I had defrayed every expense at the wretched garret, conveyed the whole family and myself to their new apartments, where I had provided proper servants to attend them; and by the help of an excellent physician, have the extreme joy to see both Mr. and Mrs. Ashley wonderfully recovered:—in fact, the want of proper food, and other necessities of life, was what had brought on their wasting disorders.

I pass over their unbounded gratitude to me on this occasion; indeed it gives me pain to hear the effusion of their honest hearts. And, after all, what have I done more than my bare duty?—In fact, I am the obliged party; as in relieving the distresses of these worthy people, I experience the most exquisite satisfaction.

Extreme indeed is it, when I see this excellent father, this tender mother, daily increasing in health and strength, snatched, as it were,

from the borders of the grave; and when I see the roses, which had so long left the languid cheek of the sweet Harriet blushing a deeper dye, whilst her shining eyes beam with sense, and with a softer sentiment than gratitude, when turned on me—this, all this, I say, is satisfaction in the extreme.

The lovely children, now all in perfect health, are playing round me;—each striving who most, with the endearing innocence of that early age, can best amuse me—whilst they

“Climb, my knee by turns;”

“—to share the envied kiss.”

These, my friend, are my present delights.

I have summoned Mr. Ashley's creditors, and put every thing in such a train, with regard to his affairs (by a large loan I have advanced him) that every thing will soon be happily settled. If a certain event takes place, on which my whole heart is fixed, I shall settle Mr. Ashley, and his amiable wife (I have already engaged to take care of the boys' education) at the little pleasant house near you with the estate round it, called, the Oaks. In the mean time, my friend, in your next morning's ride, take a surveyor with you, and let me know what will be wanting to repair it in the most complete manner, for the reception of these worthy people. My next letter will, probably, inform you that I am the happiest of men, in the possession of my angelic Harriet.

In every condition of life, you know I am

Most faithfully your's,

C—L—.

ARSACES and ISMENA. An ORIENTAL TALE.

[Abridged from the *Œuvres Posthumes* of the celebrated Baron de MONTESQUIEU.]

ARTAMENES, king of Bactriana, had two daughters, who resembled each other with so much exactness, that the persons who saw them oftentimes might easily mistake the one for the other. The younger, for some state reasons, which are not explained, was sent, during her infancy, in a very secret manner, and under a fictitious name, into Media. She there became the favorite wife of Arsaces, a young lord of the Median court. In no very long time, however, after their marriage, the high birth, the riches, and the advantageous person of Arsaces, determined the king of that country to bestow upon him his daughter. It was an unalterable institution of the Medes, that those upon whom this honor was bestowed should dismiss all their former wives. Though the ambition of Arsaces was by no means gratified with the prospect of this exalted alliance, yet he dared not resist the proposal, as the affront would have been too probably expiated in the blood of his dear Ismena. The marriage is therefore solemnized. Ismena, whose love for Arsaces was still more violent than the passion Arsaces entertained for her, contrives to conceal herself in a secret part of his palace. Upon the night of the marriage, just as Arsaces is walking in the dark, and full of the most melancholy reflections, along a corridor to the apartment of his bride, Ismena presents herself to him, and by tears and exhortations prevails upon him to fly immediately into the kingdom of Margiana.

In this retreat, they had for some time a reclusive and pastoral life. But Arsaces was naturally ambi-

tious, and, tired of privacy, he at length resolves, in spite of the utmost resistance from Ismena, to set out for this new court. The unrivalled beauty of his wife determines him to go alone. There he meets with all the success that his abilities, his intrepidity, and the daring spirit of adventure by which he was characterised, deserved. This success was ascribed by many to the partiality which the Princess, sister to the king, appeared to entertain for him. The rumour reached Ismena in her retreat; and induced her to resolve to carry him off by force into the province of the Sogdians. The more completely to gratify the jealous delicacy of her attachment, she carefully conceals herself from him; and causes him to be told, that the person by whose contrivance he was seized, was no other than the princess. In pursuance of her plan, Ismena undertakes to support this character herself. She appears to him several times; veiled, and always without uttering a word. Having tried every other experiment to subdue the obstinacy of that love which he had uniformly preserved, she receives him, in the last visit she requests him to make her, in bed. Here the Baron has painted a most voluptuous scene, which, though it does credit to his imagination and elegance, is, we think, no ornament to the page of a philosopher. The event may easily be supposed. The frigid chastity of monsieur Arsaces begins to relax. A short quarrel ensues; the hero and heroine reason upon their situation like philosophers, embrace, and are reconciled.

Their new happiness is again interrupted by a message from the king

king of the country, who had heard of the charms of Ismena, commanding her immediate attendance in his seraglio. Arfaces, who is little more than seventeen years of age, embraces the expedient, unknown to his wife, (and by no heroic metamorphoses we apprehend) of setting out in her room, disguised in the habits of a woman. He arrives, plunges a dagger in the breast of the tyrant, and escapes. Ismena in the mean time, unable to account for this second desertion, and imputing it to the worst motives, determines to take poison. Arfaces arrives in his return just time enough to see her expire. Overwhelmed with this fatal catastrophe, he is deprived of his reason, and wanders in all the paroxysms of madness among the woods. In his intervals of sanity he determines to destroy himself, but recollecting that the son of the tyrant is still living and prosperous, he concludes first to wreak his vengeance upon him.

Ismena had indeed supposed that she had swallowed poison, but, by the care of her attendants had been cheated with the substitutions of a violent soporific. Just at this time

her elder sister, the Queen of Bactriana, died. Aspar, the prime minister of the kingdom, caused the wife of Arfaces to be secretly carried off during her insensibility. He now, for we know not what reason, seats her upon the throne in a clandestine manner, and endeavouring to conceal the death of her sister, makes use of the remarkable likeness we mentioned to persuade the people that their Queen was still the same. Mean while the son of him, who would formerly have ravished her from her husband, though without suspecting the identity, demands her in marriage. He is refused, and immediately invades Bactriana. Arfaces, in pursuance of his revenge, enlists himself among the Bactrian troops, signalizes his valour, and takes the monarch prisoner. Upon the conclusion of the war he repairs to court, discovers his fortunate error respecting the exit of Ismena, and is, by the unanimous voice of the Bactrians, placed upon the throne. The story concludes with a detail of the wise maxims by which Arfaces and Ismena governed the kingdom of Bactriana.

On COMPULSORY LAWS respecting MARRIAGES.

IT is obvious, that singularity, whether corporeal, intellectual, or moral, is an object of no small curiosity, and inspires us with different emotions, according to its various aspects; but here it is my intention, to limit my views, to such corporeal singularities, whether natural or accidental, as consist in mere defects or redundancies of form.

In my younger years, to divert the langour of a sedentary life, I

applied myself to music. In those days, a stranger who professed that art, arrived in the town where I lived: to him, I presently had recourse as a master; but he being nearly seven feet high, in all his public appearances, therefore, not only the multitude but even those from whom better manners might have been expected, gaped, stared, and pointed him out as a prodigious phenomenon in nature. This they continued to do, till the

poor man, who was naturally modest, and shrunk from public observation, determined to leave the place, and return to his own country, where, though still extraordinary, he might appear less wonderful. Thus he sacrificed considerable emoluments, to his enormity of height; and the town, by its culpable curiosity and indecent behavior, lost a better master than ever it could since boast.

Not many years ago, a gentleman who had considerable hesitation in speaking, saw a beautiful lady of his acquaintance on the street, and eagerly ran to address her; but not being able to accost her with sufficient promptitude, she rudely thus anticipated what he had to say: "I know, Sir, you want to ask me how I do; I will save you the trouble, and so your humble servant, Sir," speaking thus she left him with accelerated pace, whilst he, casting his eyes to the ground, stood fixed in a momentary stupor; then breathing a deep sigh, slowly left the place. The Lady had removed with a loud laugh, which, in the enjoyment of conscious wit, she continued: but wretched is the triumph even of real wit, when it exults over diffident humanity; more wretched still, when an affectation of wit, as in the case before us, is elated with self-approbation, at the expense of politeness and delicacy. I have somewhere read a bitter complaint of a blind man, who was grossly treated in this way, which he pleased to receive in his own words:

Hence oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,
To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me
out

With idiot grin: the supercilious eye,
Oft, from the noise and glare of prosperous
ous life,

On my obscurity diverts its gaze,
Exulting; and with wanton pride elate,

Felicitates its own superior lot.
Inhuman triumph! hence the piercing
Oft titled insolence inflicted deep.

Being once desired by some friends to attend them to a public breakfast, I was equally struck with admiration and surprise, to see the gentleman who presided, called the Polish Count: his person was about 32 inches high, exactly proportioned in all his parts; his motions were agreeable and easy; his conversation affable and intelligent; so that the gentlemen of malignant curiosity could find nothing to gratify their spleen either in his figure or discourse; yet it was not long at a loss for a proper object; they talked of such a little creature being married, and having children, not without some sarcastic praises of his lady's truth and honor. Some of these ironical spectators, in order more perfectly to perceive and enjoy the contrast, had introduced a soldier of a gigantic stature, who approached the Count, and began to play with the curls of his hair: this appeared to the Count so rustic and unmanly, that he turned round in resentment, exclaiming that his soul was greater than this man's, in proportion as his body was less. Thus in gratifying an ill-natured wit, they lost a purer and more excellent pleasure of contemplating nature, in the various operations of her hand. Thus were the charms of a pleasing and enlightened conversation, much obscured, if not entirely hid from their view: Thus in short the agreeable modulations of a guitar, sweetly and artfully touched, were drowned in the noise of confused laughing, and mingled conversation, of which I myself had the honor to be in some degree the theme.

You must know, Sir, I am one of those unfortunate persons whom
the

the common people of England derisively call **MY LORD**: added to this natural deformity, were the imperfections of old age, by which my figure was still more contracted, my gait tremulous, and all my motions awkward; this could not but prove a fruitful source of ridicule. Yonder said one to another fits a hero of a different kind. True, answered his companion; but methinks the distinction would be more conspicuous, if the old gentleman were graced with mustaches. He wants nothing but a turban, said a third, to look like a Turkish Bashaw. It would be highly proper, added a

fourth, to hang him round with bells, that their shrill and melodious notes might announce the entrance of a guest so venerable.

Thus, dear Sir, I appeal to common sense and common humanity, whether their reflections might not have been more pleasingly and usefully employed in suggesting that the same hand which formed me likewise formed them; and that by rendering the infirmities of their species the subject of sarcasm and ridicule, they insult the wise economy of providence, which is salutary in all its procedures, and beneficent in all its ends.

PREDICTION respecting FRANCE.

LEMERIUS, in the year 1618, quoted the following Latin Verses, which, he says, were written by a Protestant Advocate of the Parliament of Paris fifty years before that time; "or rather," adds he, "by an *Angel* who dictated them." What would he have said, had he been now living and seen the actual completion of the prediction? "Festinat propere cursu, jam temporis ordo,
Quo locus, et Fræci Majestas prisca Senatus,
Papa, Sacerdotes, Missæ, Simulachra, Dique
Fictiti, atque omnis superos exosa potestas
Judicio Domini *jussu* sublata peribant."
"In the dark volumn of restless fate
What changes menance wretched Gallia's state!

In one, one luckless yet approaching hour
The Roman Pontiff's arrogated power,
The Mass' vile mummary, the Priests' deceit,
Those sacred jugglers that the vulgar cheat;
Weak mortals rais'd to the empyrean throne;
Gods, that man's base and wretched fabric own;
Pow'rs that the soul in slavish fetters bind;
Debase the noble nature of mankind;
With their own phantoms scare his generous breast,
And every sway, except their own detest;
These, whilst eternal justice rules this ball,
These, these, by Heaven's own high behest, shall fall,
In endless ruin and confusion hurl'd,
A dread example to a wond'ring world."

REFLECTIONS on PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

IT is a common remark; it is almost a proverb; that it is more difficult to bear prosperity than adversity. For this observation we have to thank the inattention and barbarity of mankind,

whose observations are, in general, superficial; and who seem strenuous to promote insensibility to the condition, and to the merit of the poor. The rich are not satisfied with being often industrious to obtrude

trude on the minds of the miserable, a melancholy comparison, by the display of pomp, and the air of dominion; they must likewise aggravate their calamities with insolent nonsense, which hypocritically assumes the garb of primitive, and apostolic consolation: They tell them, that they have an easier part to act in life than themselves. With equal propriety might they assert, that it is more agreeable to wear a chain than a bracelet; or that the current of life flows more briskly on a mountain of Siberian snow, than in a blooming Italian harbour, enlivened with the genial influence of the sun, and with the music of the choristers of the spring.

Were a rational and good being to come among us, from some better sphere; and were he told that one part of the human race enjoyed all that was desirable in nature and in art; that they were blessed with all possible affluence and delicacies; but that the other, and by far the greater part, pined in want, and were galled with all the asperities of life: This benevolent being would immediately conclude, that the rich and powerful were ever anxious and diligent to relieve the miseries of their brethren; of beings formed, in body and in mind, exactly like themselves. He would immediately conclude, that when a perishable mortal sat down, in the extreme inclemency of the season, to a ducal repast, surrounded with all those objects that charm the senses and imagination; our amiable stranger would conclude, that he would sometimes, at least, recollect his unhappy neighbor, shivering with cold, and stung with hunger, and that on the recollection, a noble sickness would seize his appetite; his splendor would grow dim around him; and the

tear of humanity and fraternal love would glisten in his eye.

The man of rank and fortune has the most powerful incitements to the most generous conduct, and to every great and laudable enterprise. How amply is he empowered to perform acts of charity and beneficence; if he could be but persuaded to take the path to true happiness; if he but once felt the exalted pleasure of doing good; he might wipe tears from many eyes, and stimulate the energy of many an ethereal mind, without contracting the becoming splendor of his station; without relinquishing one genuine enjoyment. What a friend to the welfare and order of society would he be; what a friend to religion; if we visited the fatherless, and widows in their affliction; if he soothed their grief, and supplied their indigence; if he invited unfortunate genius and virtue, from poverty and obscurity, to his protection, and gave them their proper place and dignity. If he made these most amiable and noble actions the great objects of his life, what angelic raptures would he feel; and what raptures of joy and gratitude would he communicate to mankind!—He, whose very bow is benignity, whose smile is meritorious.

But alas! this is all hypothesis! a pleasing picture, but not drawn from the life; it bears not the least similitude to the moral lineaments of the rich, and of titular nobility. The wealthy and the great, unfortunately for their real and durable happiness, are not trained to think.

We are strongly solicited by our natural propensity to pleasure; hence they are precipitated into intemperance and excess; and they soon contract those habits of sensuality which accompany them thro' life;

life; because they reflect not on their dreadful consequences.

Can we suppose, that those who are engrossed by this most infamous trade, and by these frivolous entertainments can submit (can submit did I say? can aspire) to that liberal application which is requisite, if we mean to make a manly progress in literature and science? We commonly sit down with great reluctance to rational composure and to thought. The human mind even when habituated to intellectual achievements, often retires, not without some difficulty, from the objects of sense, from the trifles of the day; concentrates itself in itself,

and there performs those beautiful and wonderful operations which become the monuments of genius, the admiration of ages. Can we suppose, then, that they whose manners I have been describing, will ever have resolution enough to combat and to conquer the pain which always attends the commencement of close application? They, who by their indolence and other fatal indulgences, have reduced themselves to the helpless state of a second childhood, in the prime and maturity of life; who cannot walk from one street to another, nor put on their own clothes.

The SPECULATOR. No. VIII.

*L'amante per baver quel che desia,
Senza guardar che Dio tutt' ode, e vede;
Avviluppa promesse, e giuramento
Che tutti spargon poi per l'aria i venti.*

ARISTO.

E P I S T L E.

ARGUMENT.

"HAVING by every insidious art, overcame her virtue, he persuaded her to leave her father's house; and soon after, sated with possession, deserted her in the midst of poverty and every species of human distress. After a variety of fruitless appeals to the humanity of her seducer, she sunk under the complicated horror of her situation, and dying addressed him in a letter replete with the agitation and changes of passion inspired by such an awful moment."

ANON.

HOPELESS and lost, by wounding anguish torn,
Dead to each joy, of every tie forlorn,
Here as awhile in struggling Nature's strife,
I linger trembling on the brink of life,
To thee, whose specious guile, whose cruel art,
First wrung with sorrow's pang a peaceful heart,
First taught these grief-worn eyes with tears to flow,
And dash'd my cup with bitterness and woe,
Whose guilt a fond confiding breast betray'd,
Then triumph'd o'er the wretch itself had made,
Ah! vainly once believ'd my love; my friend,
To thee these last sad faltering lines I send.

Nor start that hand, so valued once to view;
I come not scorn'd intreaties to renew,
With fruitless agony to sue again,
Again to shrink beneath thy cold disdain!
Ah no! by anguish, shame, and grief o'ercome
At last I sink; I hasten to the tomb.
In still despair, death's dread approach I wait,
Nor vainly struggle to avert my fate.
Alas! when each returning day supplies
But lengthened woe, and change of miseries;
When each sad night in horrors arm'd appears,
And sleeps my thorny couch in burning tears;
While on my fame the fangs of slander
And malice hunts me from the face of day.
While keen remorse, with aggravated smart,

Wounds

Wounds all within, and gnaws upon my heart;
 Can hope's own smile one cheering moment give,
 Or rouse the lingering coward wish, to live?
 The thought is agony, the shadowy gloom
 Of death alone can shroud my shame, the tomb
 That last sad harbour, waits me, there my woes
 Shall rest in awful night, and drear repose.
 That heart condemned so long to pine forlorn,
 To dread thy frown, and sicken at thy scorn;
 The lingering pang of cheated hope to prove,
 To agonize with rage, and melt with love;
 No more with passion's burning throb shall glow,
 No more shall wither in corroding woe;
 But cold in dust, from wounding anguish free,
 At last in death forget to doat on thee.
 And when a victim thus, before my time,
 I sink in blushing youth's luxuriant prime,
 When lost, unknown, without a friend to save,
 These once lov'd beauties glut the yawning grave;
 Perhaps one sigh may burst, tho' now too late,
 In vain regret for my untimely fate;
 Thy hate appeas'd, may mourn my early doom,
 Nor wound my dust forgotten in the tomb,
 Relenting heaven itself my tears may move,
 And pangs like mine atone one crime of love.
 Yet ere the grasp of death my limbs invade,
 And my eyes darken in eternal shade;
 Ere from my view life's fading vision flee,
 I pour my soul in bitterness to thee.
 Source of my woes, and author of my fall,
 In this tremendous hour on thee I call;
 If pity yet survive, here turn thy eye,
 Survey the scene, behold thy victim die.
 Here, while oppress'd by fury, love, despair,
 My breast a thousand mad'ning passions tear,
 Whilst sunk agash'd at death's involving gloom,
 The trembling spirit deprecates her doom;
 Struggling too late with guilt's o'erwhelming force,
 By fruitless penitence and vain remorse;

In horror waits, that last convulsive sigh,
 That one dread pang which rends each earthly tie;
 Alas, in this sad hour the prospect drear,
 What joy can brighten, or what comfort cheer?
 O'er the black scene shall faintly innocence
 Her light display, and peaceful calm dispense?
 On hov'ring wing shall soothing hope be near;
 And sounds celestial bless my closing ear?
 Shall virtue point to opening bliss above?
 No, thankless traitor, these I lost for love.
 For love of thee I lost them; thee whose hate
 Now scorns my mem'ry, and insults my fate:
 Thy crimes which first, so angry heav'n ordain'd,
 With guilt a breast once pure and spotless stain'd;
 Blasted the promise of my opening bloom,
 And crush'd these fatal beauties to the tomb;
 Pursue me even here, my parting breath embitter;
 Strew with thorns the bed of death;
 Blot out the prospect of the realms of day,
 And tear the last sad lingering hopes away.
 What pitying breast shall lenient aid impart,
 To soothe the pangs that tear his breaking heart;
 What anxious friend shall watch the bed of death,
 Or fondly catch the last expiring breath?
 The struggling soul with fond compassion cheer,
 Or grace my parting spirit with a tear?
 What pious hand compose with tender care
 My cold remains, and decent rites prepare?
 Alas, of every tie by thee bereft,
 For me no home, no friends, no parents left;
 On every hand, despair alone I see,
 And the throng'd world a wilderness to me.
 Curs'd be the hour when by that tongue betray'd,
 I left the refuge of the rural shade,
 And scorn'd (a victim to thy fatal charms)
 The peaceful circle of a parent's arms.
 Ah! cheering beams of innocence and truth,
 How bright ye dawn'd upon my rising youth,

In the mild lustre of your cloudless ray,
 How sweet my early moments pass'd a-
 way,
 While as I raptur'd trod the fairy ground,
 Hope's brilliant landscape open'd all a-
 round;
 Till rising like a noxious mist unseen,
 Guilt dim'd your light and darken'd all
 the scene:
 Then no fierce passion, shook my placid
 breast,
 No gnawing care depriv'd my soul of rest,
 No sorrow then could dim my sparkling
 eye,
 Or force the roses of my cheeks to fly,
 From every balmy breeze, I courted
 health,
 While sweet contentment held the place of
 wealth.
 Joy crown'd the day, soft slumbers blest
 the night,
 For virtue wing'd each moment with de-
 light.
 Alas, thrice happy! had the pitying skies
 Concealed that form forever from my
 eyes;
 The worm of grief had spar'd my opening
 bloom,
 Nor sunk my youth to wither in the tomb.
 Oh love! when first thy roses wreath'd
 my head,
 And each gay hour transported pleasure
 led,
 When fancy's magic to my cheated view,
 Drew scenes of bliss and raptures ever
 new,
 Could my fond soul in that extatic hour,
 Blest as I thought beyond misfortune's
 power,
 Expect for these the sad reverse to prove
 Of wounding scorn and unrequited love?
 Ah! no, deluded wretch, I thought too
 sure
 My joys unfading, and my bliss secure;
 Ev'n now, in all their former warmth con-
 fess
 The long-lost visions fill my glowing
 breast;
 With every charm that form again ap-
 pears,
 Thy soft vows vibrate on my ravish'd
 ears;
 Again thy swimming eyes thy passion tell,
 Again enraptured on thy lips I dwell?
 Again—Ah fleeting rapture! short liv'd
 joy!
 Far other scenes, my wretched soul em-
 ploy;
 Rous'd from my dream of bliss I keener
 know

The sad reality of waking woe.
 Could this dread hour by thy false eyes
 survey'd,
 Present the havoc thy dark guilt has
 made,
 Remorse and shamenight wring that stony
 heart,
 And save some other victim from thy art.
 Behold my parents, how with gestures
 wild,
 Frantic with grief, they mourn their ru-
 in'd child;
 See, crushed with sorrow, prostrate on
 the earth,
 The venerable forms that gave me birth;
 See stung by rankling woe too keen to
 bear,
 They rend their silver locks in fierce de-
 spair;
 Hark! while the drops of agony they shed,
 They weary heaven with curses on thy
 head;
 Hark, those long groans, those deep con-
 vulsive sighs,
 Groans from a bursting heart, a parent
 dies,
 Behold me, helpless, wretched, and for-
 lorn,
 The mark of infamy, the sport of scorn.
 See how, by mis'ry's with'ring grasp o'er-
 come,
 My fading beauties hasten to the tomb;
 How lost to all, no friendly aid to save,
 I sink unpitied to an early grave.
 Here while deserted and unwept I die,
 Here cruel spoiler, glut thy savage eye.
 Go, triumph o'er a heart by love betrayed,
 And crush to dust a father's rev'rend head.
 Go, while thy crime unpunished heaven
 allows,
 Laugh truth to scorn, and mock thy
 broken vows;
 And, while my breast remorse and an-
 guish tear,
 To that false bosom strain some happier
 fair.
 Who, while her flushing cheek with rap-
 ture glows,
 Enjoys my tortures and insults my woes;
 But yet exult not, traitor! if the smile
 Of fortune still is thine, if for a while
 The stern unerring eye of justice sleep,
 'Tis but the measure of thy crimes to heap,
 Ev'n while my rival with triumphant
 charms
 Beholds thee circled in her glowing arms,
 O'er all thy soul while boundless pleasure
 reigns,
 Thy heart beats quick and rapture thrills
 thy veins,

Stern conscience may uprear her snaky
crest,
And dead'ning terrors chill thy perjur'd
breast;
Ev'n then, with horrors arm'd, remorse
may stand,
To dash the cup of transport from thy
hand.
Insulted heaven! why sleeps the blasting
storm,
Why lingers justice, on that impious form;
O, great Avenger! pour thy wrath divine,
And mix his lot with bitterness like mine;
At last awak'd to rage, O haste to shed
Thy choicest, fiercest, vengeance on his
head;
In his own fate, my sull'ring let him see,
And learn from torture how to feel for me.
Ah! idle rage, in vain my soul I arm,
With all her wrongs to break the fatal
charm;
While stung with smarting grief beyond
control,
In agony of woe I pour my soul,
And my wild lips the words of madness
show'r;
I feel this rebel bosom own thy pow'r.
Ev'n while the ebbing springs of life de-
cay,
Still lingering passion keeps her wonted
fway,

Still in the arms of death, that once lov'd
name,
Thrills every nerve, and wakes the fatal
flame;
Shrin'd in my soul, thy image still I see,
And this deluded heart still beats for thee.
O come, e're life's expiring lamp decay,
While yet the hov'ring soul her flight de-
lay;
Ere death's dull hand forbid my closing
ear,
Once more the music of that voice to
hear;
O come, while yet these dying eyes can
gaze,
And my arms strain thee in a last em-
brace;
With lenient accents mitigate my doom,
Cheer the sad prospect of the dreary
tomb.
And, when sustain'd by thee, content with
death,
In those lov'd arms I yield my struggling
breath,
And darkness tears thee from my gazing
eye,
Let thy dear hands the decent rites sup-
ply,
And thou in pity bending o'er my bier,
Grace my cold reliques with a tender tear.

SYMPATHY between the BREECHES POCKETS and the AN- IMAL SPIRITS.

THE following important dis-
covery is recommended to the
literati, in general, but more par-
ticularly to the college of physi-
cians; as it may be of the greatest
consequence to them in their future
practice.

You must know, then, that a
wonderful connexion and sympathy
has lately been observed between
the breeches pocket and the animal
spirits, which continually rise, or
fall, as the contents of the former,
ebb or flow; insomuch that, from
constant observation, I could ven-
ture to guess at a man's cash by
the degree of vivacity he has dis-
covered in conversation. When
this reservoir is full, the spirits

are elate; when it is sunk and
drained, how flat, dull, and insipid
is every word and action! The
very muscles and features of the
face are influenced by this obscure
fund of life and vigour.

I can tell how a poet's finances
stand by the very subject of his
muse; gloomy elegies, biting sa-
tires, grave soliloquies, and dull
translations, are certain inclinations
of res augusta: a pocket low!
Pindaric odes, and pointed epi-
grams, intimate a fresh recruit.

When a certain politician at the
Smyrna gives a melancholy account
of the state of the nation, when he
complains deplorably of the in-
crease of taxes, of the abuse of the
public

public revenue, of the national debt, of the decay of trade, and of the excess of luxury, I am very well assured that his pocket has received a considerable shock from his connections in a neighboring house. When he has been successful there, he talks in a very different strain; then he is perpetually haranguing on the power, the grandeur, and the wealth of the British nation. In short, this barometer of state always rises or falls not as the quick, but current silver, contracts, or expands itself within the secret cell.

Under the influence of the same

powerful charm, I have remarked a physician, in the chamber of a wealthy patient, clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity, and good humour; but in the dwelling of poverty, what a clouded brow, hopeless vibration of the head, and languor of the nerves! Like the sensitive plant, he shrunk from the cold hand of necessity. Not that the doctor wanted humanity, but when a patient becomes a caput mortuum, and the anima sacculi—the soul of the purse—expires, what sympathising heart but must be sensible of so dire a change.



ACCOUNT of the CATHEDRAL at TOLEDO.

[From Townsend's Travel's in Spain.]

THE building itself, the carving, the pictures, and the treasures it contains, all attract and rivet the attention. This magnificent church is four hundred and four feet long, and two hundred and three feet wide; it has five aisles, and the highest of these is one hundred and sixty feet. The choir is covered with carvings representing the conquest of Grenada, executed in a most superior stile by the two famous artists, Alonzo Berruguete, a disciple of Michael Angelo, and Felipe de Borgona. The eye is never weary of examining these monuments of their consummate skill. Among the pictures are the works of the best masters, of Rubens, Titian, Dominico, Greco, Vandyke, Guido, Carlo, Maratti, Eugenio Caxes, Vincente Carducho, and Bassano. In the library they have near seven hundred manuscripts.

The treasures of this cathedral struck me with astonishment. *La Custodia*, an elegant silver model of the cathedral, weighs twenty two

thousand ounces, and took fifty five ounces of pure gold for gilding. It contains a multitude of pillars and two hundred little silver images of exquisite workmanship. In the centre of this edifice is a shrine of massive gold, weighing fifty pounds; another, which occasionally supplies the place of this, contains a statue of the infant Jesus, made of pure gold, and adorned with eight hundred precious stones. In four separate closets are four large silver images standing on globes of silver, each two feet diameter, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with their several emblems given by Anne of Newbrough. The grand silver throne, on which is placed the virgin, wearing a crown, and adorned with a profusion of the most costly gems, weighs fifty arobas, which, at twenty five pound the aroba, is equal to one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. In the chapel of the virgin is an altar covered with gold and silver.

It is evident that this profusion

of wealth has arisen from the pious donations of the Spanish Princes, out of the immense treasures obtained from their gold and silver mines on the first discovery of America. The value of these donations may be ascertained with ease; but no person can estimate, no figures calculate, no imagination can conceive what would have been the value, what the produce of this wealth, if, instead of being thus buried, and, as far as relates to any useful purpose, lost, it had been employed in making easy communications, through the kingdom by canals and roads; or in the improvement of the soil by draining, by planting and by watering; or in the establishment, by means of premiums and loans of useful manufactures, suited to the genius of the people and the nature of the country. If that overflowing wealth had been diverted into profitable channels, what might Spain have been; we may venture to say, that if the gold and silver of America, instead of being buried in the churches, or, which is

worse, instead of pampering the pride, the prodigality and the unprofitable luxury of the great, or, which is worst of all, instead of being idly squandered in useless and almost endless wars, if all this gold and silver had been devoted to Ceres, Spain would have been her most favored residence, and the whole peninsula would be one continued garden.

The revenue of this Cathedral is, perhaps, not to be equalled by any church in Europe.

The archbishop has nine millions of reales a year, which, at two pence half penny per real, would be equal to ninety three thousand, seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling; but we may with more accuracy say ninety thousand. A revenue this fit for a sovereign prince; besides the archbishop, there are forty canons, fifty prebendaries, and fifty chaplains. The whole body of ecclesiastics belonging to this cathedral is six hundred, all well provided for."

ACCOUNT of Mademoiselle THERESA PARADIS, of Vienna.

The celebrated blind performer on the piano-forte.

THIS young person, equally distinguished by her talents and misfortunes, is the daughter of *M. Paradis*, counsellor aulique in the Imperial service. At the age of two years and eight months she was suddenly blinded during the night, as it should seem, by excessive fear: for there being a dreadful outcry in her father's house, of Fire! thieves! and murder! he quitted the child and her mother, with whom he was in bed, in the utmost trepidation, calling out for his sword and fire-arms; which so terrified the infant,

as instantly and totally to deprive her of sight.

At seven years old, she began to listen with great attention to the music which she heard in the church, which suggested to her parents to have her taught to play on the piano-forte, and soon after to sing. In three or four years time she was able to accompany herself on the organ in the *Stabat mater* of Pergolesi, of which she sung a part at St. Augustin's church, in the presence of the late Empress Queen; who was so touched with her performance

formance and misfortune, that she settled a pension on her for life.

After learning music of several masters at Vienna, she was placed under the care of Kozeluch an eminent musician, who has composed many admirable lessons and concertos on purpose for her use, which she plays with the utmost neatness and expression.

At the age of eighteen, she was placed under the care of the celebrated empyric Dr. Mesmer, who undertook to cure every species of disease by *animal magnetism*. He called her disorder a perfect *gutta serena*, and pretended, after she had been placed in his house as a boarder for several months, that she was perfectly cured; yet refusing to let her parents take her away or visit her, till, by the advice of Dr. Ingenhouze, the Barons Stoerck and Wenzel, and Professor Bath, the celebrated anatomist, and the assistance of the magistrates, she was withdrawn from his hands by force: when it was found that she could see no more than when she was first admitted as Mesmer's patient. However, he had the diabolical malignity to assert that she could see very well, and only pretended blindness to preserve the pension granted to her by the empress Queen in consequence of her loss of sight; and since the death of her imperial patroness, this cruel assertion has been made an excuse for withdrawing the pension.

Last year Mad. Paradis quitted Vienna, in order to travel, accompanied by her mother, who treats her with extreme tenderness, and is a very amiable and interesting character. After visiting the principal courts and cities of Germany, where her talents and misfortunes procured her great attention and patronage, she arrived at Paris early

last summer, and remained there five or six months, and likewise received every possible mark of approbation and regard in that capital, both for her musical abilities and innocent and amiable disposition.

When she arrived in England, she brought letters from persons of the first rank to her Majesty, the Imperial Minister, and other powerful patrons, as well as to the principal musical professors in London. Messrs. Cramer, Abel, Salomon, and other eminent German musicians, have interested themselves very much in her welfare; not only as their countrywoman bereaved of sight, but as an admirable performer.

Since her arrival in England she has received a cantata, written for her in the German language, by the celebrated professor of mathematics, M. Pfeffel of Colmar, who is himself blind. This cantata has been admirably set to music for her own voice and accompaniment on the piano-forte; and she executes it in a truly pathetic and able manner. Her voice is not so powerful as her hand; but it is touching in itself; and her knowledge of music and circumstances render it doubly interesting.

Madame Paradis intreated Dr. Burney, who has had letters from Germany, in behalf of her ingenious daughter, and is very zealous in her service, to translate this cantata; and the following is his version.

CANTATA.

Written in German for Mademoiselle Paradis, by her blind friend, M. Pfeffel, of Colmar, and set to music by her music-master, M. Leopold Kozeluch, of Vienna, 11th November, 1784.

The new-born insect sporting in the sun,
Is the true semblance of my infant state,
When ev'ry prize for which life's race is
run,

Was hidden from me by malignant fate.
Instant

Instant destruction quench'd each visual
ray, [veal'd!]

No mother's tears, no objects were re-
Extinguish'd was the glorious lamp of day,
And ev'ry work of God at once con-
ceal'd!

Where am I plung'd? with trembling
voice I cried;

Ah, why this premature, this sudden
night! [hide,

What from my view a parent's looks can
Those looks more cheering than celest-
ial light!

Vain are Affliction's sobs, or piercing cries,
The fatal mischief baffles all relief!
The healing art no succour can devise,
Nor balm extract from briny tears and
grief!

How should I wander through the gloomy
maze,

Or bear the black monotony of wo,
Did not maternal kindness gild my days,
And guide my devious footsteps to and
fro.

Upon a festival, design'd
To praise the Father of mankind,
When joining in the lofty theme,
I tried to hymn the great Supreme.

A rustling sound of wings I hear,
Follow'd by accents sweet and clear;
Such as from inspiration flow
When Haydn's fire and fancy glow.

"I am the genius of that gentle art
Which soothes the sorrows of mankind,
And to my faithful votaries impart
Ecstatic joys the most refin'd.

"On earth, each hard sublime my pow'r
displays;

Divine Cecilia was my own;
In heav'n each saint and seraph breathes
my lays

In praises round th' eternal throne.

"To thee, afflicted maid,
I come with friendly aid,
To put Despair to flight,
And cheer thy endless night."

Then, gently leaning to the new-made lyre,
He plac'd my fingers on the speaking keys;
"With these (he cries) thou list'ning
crowds shalt fire

And rapture teach on ev'ry heart to seize."

Elastic force my nerves new brac'd,
And from my voice new accents flow;
My soul new pleasures learn'd to taste,
And Sound's sweet pow'r alleviates wo.

Therefa! great in goodness as in pow'r,
Whose fav'rite use of boundless sway
Was benefits on all to show'r,
And wipe the tear of wretchedness
away;

When first my hand and voice essay'd,
Sweet Pergolesi's pious strains,
Her pitying goodness she display'd,
To cherish and reward my pains.

But now, alas! this friend to wo,
This benefactress, is no more!
And though my eyes no light bestow,
They'll long with tears her loss deplore!

Yet still where e'er my footsteps bend,
My helpless state has found a friend.

How sweet the pity of the good;

How grateful is their praise!

How ev'ry sorrow is subdu'd,

When they applaud my lays.

Th' illustrious patrons I have found,
Whose approbation warms my heart,
Excite a wish that ev'ry sound
Seraphic rapture could impart.

The wreathes my feeble talents share,

The balmy solace friends employ;

Lifting the soul above despair,

Convert calamity to joy.

HISTORY of ALSALEH, an Eastern Courtier.

(From Pictures of the Heart, sentimentally delineated.)

PERILS unnumbered seemed
still to encompass our world-re-
nounced Adventurer. At the least
noise, conceiving it to be some mon-
ster ready to devour him, he shrunk,
he started; but neither had the
will nor the power to move a step
forward.

In this state of alarm he remain-
ed till day began to dawn; and
then charmed he beheld before him
a country beautiful as the most lux-
uriant imagination could picture to
itself—a country in which Autumn
and Spring appeared to assist each
other in enriching the earth with
fruits,

fruits, while they embellished it with flowers.

Not less elated now, than before he had been depressed, Candidus, in the joy of his heart, feelingly acknowledged that "there is no evil in the world without its attendant blessing." Yet could he not help venting a sigh whenever he tho't of Che-Kiang; so much justice is there in another common saying, namely, "that we never think any country equal to that which, as being the loved spot of our nativity, and scene of our earliest joys, we emphatically call our own."

Let this be as it may (for we must not dwell on things that are common) if Candidus still gave the preference to Che-Kiang, it was not because in Che-Kiang he was born, but because in Che-Kiang virtue was the darling of the inhabitants, and her precepts were the sacred rule of their actions; because there people might speak the language of truth without the risque of being poisoned! of being held up to scorn! of being turned out of doors! of being knocked on the head! of being banished! of being thrown into prison! of being tossed out of a window! of being abandoned, in an empty boat, to the mercy of the wind and waves!*

In the mean while, our adventurer continued to advance slowly up the country; and the farther he advanced the more was he impressed with an admiration of it. Of houses there seemed to be few. At a considerable distance, however, he at length espied one, which, superiour to the rest in simplicity and neatness, was rendered peculiarly captivating to the 'friend of truth,' from the circumstance of a little temple of white marble adjoining

to it; a temple, which the appearance bespoke it the actual abode of innocence, if such she had on earth.

On his approach to the house, though still his eyes were fixed on the temple, he beheld, under the shadow of some palm trees, which descended the avenue to both from the scorching rays of the sun, a man, whose hoary locks, added to a countenance placid but majestic, inspire him at once with respect and confidence.

By no people is age held in so much reverence as by the Chinese; and, indeed, what object can be more engaging to a mind, uninterrupted by habits of dissipation, than a man, whose existence is not rendered a burden to himself by the infirmity, and to others by the peevishness, which too often embitter the close even of a well spent life! —that of a man, in fine, whose features wrinkled by time, but undeformed by vice, firm, as it were, to invite, while they announce, an approaching transit to the realms of bliss.

Such was Alsaleh, the venerable personage who now appeared before Candidus. Of this delightful spot was he the peaceful owner; and the Che-Kiangian, insensibly attracted toward the aged stranger, threw himself before him, seized one of his hands, repeatedly pressed it to his breast, while he watered it with his tears. Alsaleh, on his part, felt a glow of sympathetic attachment to the ingenious youth, for which he hardly knew how to account; but with which he was so powerfully animated, that already he seemed to behold him with the eyes of a father.

Having, with a tender emotion, raised him from the ground, and folded him in his arms, he inquired

by

* All these misfortunes "the friend of truth" had previously experienced.

by what singular accident our adventurer had thus landed upon a coast so rarely visited by strangers. Candidus then related to him all the misfortunes, the hardships, and the dangers, to which his love of truth had exposed him; and though he spoke not a word about the oracle of his protectress, he yet could not help declaring, that if there was not a spot on earth, besides Che-Kiang, where the language of sincerity might be spoken without giving offence, he could wish it were that to which fate had now conducted him.

Alas! my son, exclaimed Alsaleh, with a sigh, 'here, as in the various regions you have already traversed, flattery alike surrounds the throne of the mansions of the great. Near these, truth must not be uttered! nor, if uttered, will the presumption be allowed to pass unpunished.—If a monarch, deservedly famed for every virtue besides, would have stopped to listen to the sincere, though respectful, advice of a subject, zealous for the promotion of his glory, and warmly interested in the cause of humanity, in me, you might, at this hour have beheld the Vizir King of Yemen.

'I perceive your astonishment,' continued the old man; nor will it be lessened when you shall have heard from my history, by what trifles the powerful of the earth may be offended, and all the services of a faithful subject forever effaced from their memory.

The History of a COURTIER, virtuous and happy, though disgraced.

'Under the scepter, resumed Alsaleh, after a short pause. under the scepter of the magnanimous Nourgehan, the kingdom of Yemen enjoyed, for above twenty years, all the blessings which could flow from

an almost uninterrupted peace. Beloved by his subjects, dreaded by his foes, respected by his neighbours beyond all the other princes of Asia, did Nourgehan enjoy the god-like praise of being at once a great and upright monarch.

'His favorite diversion was the chase, particularly that of the beasts of prey; and in this he indulged, not merely because it afforded a scope to his courage, but because it tended also to destroy the most dangerous enemies to the flocks of his subjects.

'Often would he quit the palace, Mouab, and climb the mountain of Massa, in dauntless defiance of the fierce tyger, and mighty lion. These mountains I then inhabited in the humble, though happy, condition of a shepherd. I had numbered my five and twentieth year; and received an education superior to what generally falls to the lot of my station; and was, at all the feats of heroic exertion, accounted the most expert youth in the whole country.

'One day, the King, having outstripped his attendants in the pursuit of a furious wolf, arrived at the very place where I was employed in watching my flock. With wonder I beheld him assail the beast alone; and as I have never seen Nourgehan, in whose garb there was nothing now by which he might be distinguished from one of the emirs in his retinue, I flew to his assistance, unconscious that he was my sovereign.

'Armed both for annoyance and defence, with my trusty javelin I happily slew the wolf; at the very moment, too, in which the prince, unequal to the contest, because already overcome with fatigue, must otherwise have fallen a victim to the rage of his merciless antagonist.

nist. Nourgehan expressed to me all the gratitude of a generous, an exalted, soul; and at length, pleased with my answers, he asked, if I had never thought of presenting myself at court.

'At court?' exclaimed I, 'alas! what should I do at court? a stranger to ambition, a stranger to avarice, in the culture of this spot of ground, and in the care of that little flock, I find an ample gratification of all my wishes, an ample provision for all my wants. The king, great as he is in power, can add nothing to the felicity of a man, whose sole object is, to live in a state of peaceful obscurity; to render himself in that state useful; and, as the occupation dearest to his heart, to cherish, in the evening of life, a helpless father. All these blessings here do I possess on my native mountains; and were I not satisfied with them, in vain should I search for happiness elsewhere.'

'But,' resumed Nourgehan, 'if you were to go to Mouab, the king, perhaps, whose benevolence is not unknown, might'—

'Unknown!' eagerly, but rudely interrupted I, 'No; even in these deserts the benevolence of Nourgehan is our constant theme! Are we to be told, that it is to him that it is to the love he bears to his people, we are indebted, under heaven, for all the comforts we enjoy? Is not Nourgehan the friend, the benefactor, the father, of his people? As such, at every sitting sun, do we not, with one accord, fervently offer up prayers, that the days of our Sovereign may be long—that still his reign may be prosperous—that he may leave behind him to rule over our most remote posterity, children who shall perpetuate his virtues? Ah! did you

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know, or could you but conceive, what anxiety prevails among us, when he is occasionally obliged to take up arms against the wandering Arabs of the desert! And when, the other day, on his return from the expulsion of those restless plunderers, he was seized with a distemper, which threatened to cut short the thread of his days, why was it, think you, that he was enabled to baffle the shafts of Death? It was because there was not an individual among us, who did not offer to the Divinity his own life for that of a Monarch whom he loved, whom he adored.'

'I spoke with all the ardour of a loyal enthusiasm; nor could the Prince suppress the transports with which through that enthusiasm he was agitated. Never, it is evident, could he have received a stronger assurance of the sincerity with which he was praised; and with tears, which vainly he strove to conceal, he said to me, Adieu, thou brave, thou virtuous youth! Too much love hast thou for thy King, not to experience his friendship; and ere long wilt thou hear from him.'

'With these words, he clasped me in his arms, and then with precipitation departed.

'Having thought nothing farther of what had passed at this interview, (for, ignorant as I was of Courts, I knew too much of them, however, to pay a moment's attention to what a Courtier might tell me) I was not a little astonished, the next morning, to receive a message from the King, commanding my immediate attendance at the foot of the Throne.

'Couched though the mandate was in a peremptory, and even, as I conceived it, an angry style, I yet felt myself in no degree terrified about

about it. My heart reproached me with no guilt; and the character of Nourgehan told me, that I had nothing to apprehend on the score of injustice. In company with the Emir, who had been commissioned to conduct me to Mouah, I accordingly, with all possible dispatch, set out on my journey; though not till I had entrusted my flock to the care of one of my neighbours, and taken a tender—Alas! a final farewell of my weeping father.

‘On being ushered into the royal presence, I threw myself prostrate before my Sovereign; and thus I remained till, with his own hands, he raised me from the ground.

‘Shepherd,’ said he, with an air of gracious affability, which never forsook Nourgehan, and which seemed to diffuse around his Throne an additional lustre, ‘Shepherd, I am he, of whose life, at the peril of thy own, thou wast yesterday the preserver. Wert thou a man of vulgar mould, with riches, and with empty titles, would I acquit my obligation to thee; but from the dignity of thy mind, from the contempt with which thou lookest down on opulence and grandeur, I pronounce thee worthy, more than worthy, to be my chief Counsellor. In the character of Vizir, then, henceforth shalt thou co-operate with me in the prosecution of such measures as may yet more promote the happiness of my people, yet more conciliate their love.’

‘In a country like Yemen, where one glance of royalty is sufficient to elevate a subject to the summit of honour, or to plunge him into an abyss of infamy, a choice so precipitate, and, apparently, so preposterous also, is hardly productive of wonder. Yet was I confounded that it should have been my lot thus

to be singled out for preferment; because I had never expressed a desire to emerge from my native insignificance; or rather, perhaps, because I was still inclined to doubt that to be possible, of which far from having formed a wish about it, I had not, till now, formed even an idea.

‘Not less from a motive of fear, that I should be unable to fulfil the duties of so momentous a charge, than of regret, that I must never more hope to taste the sweets of that virtuous serenity, in which had hitherto consisted my joy, the proffered dignity I again and again respectfully declined. Nourgehan, however, was inexorable; and, at length, grateful to my Sovereign for his goodness, but undelighted with the prospect of filling an office, surpassed in authority but by his own, I yielded a reluctant obedience to his commands.

‘Raised as I now was to a situation in which so much good, and so much evil, might be done, never did I court the favour of my royal master, but by endeavours to merit, at the same time, the affections of his people. Between their interests and his, conceiving them to be essentially the same, I strove not to make the smallest distinction; nor did I ever dare to substitute my caprice, or my will in the place of the established laws of the realm; laws, however, of which I scrupled not, on all occasions, to moderate the severity, when it might be done without an absolute perversion of the ends of justice. To vice was I an inflexible enemy; to virtue, a steadfast friend. By virtue’s laws it was, indeed by sole study to rule; and of all men I held him the most worthless, who, knowing, that on himself depended the

the happiness, or the misery, of a whole nation, could stoop to indulge in the emasculating enjoyments of a Seraglio.

‘For a long series of years, such were my principles, such was my conduct; and for both I received an adequate reward; the only one, indeed, worthy of an exalted mind—the smiles of my king, and blessings of my fellow subjects.

‘But perhaps,’ continued the good, the venerable Alsaleh, ‘perhaps, my son, you are tired with hearing me talk so much about myself. There can be no vanity, however, in saying we have done what it was, in fact, our duty to do; and far is it from my wish to insinuate, that I was without faults. From faults what man is exempted! heaven knows, mine, nevertheless, were not voluntary ones; and with my last breath to the Divinity will I express my joy, that, in their consequences they proved injurious but to myself.

‘Of my errors, then, such as they were, certain courtiers, envious of the preeminence I enjoyed, took an artful, but a most unjustifiable, advantage. At first, affecting to palliate them, they seemed to be guided by motives pure and disinterested; and thus it was, that, in order to humble me more effectually afterwards, they obtained from their sovereign a degree of notice which they little deserved.

Nourgehan still honored me with his confidence; and with that for my shield, I stood unmoved amidst the insidious, though envenomed, attacks of the intentional assassins of my honor. At length, however, under the specious pretext of a zeal for the welfare of the state, they so far succeeded in their machinations as to occasion a sen-

sible diminution in that influence which I had hitherto maintained with my Sovereign inviolate, and which, having in no instance knowingly exerted it, but for the promotion of the public good, I judged myself entitled to preserve inviolate still.

‘At the court of Mouab as at many other courts, there is but one step from a state of actual favoritism to a state of actual disgrace; and what served to complete my downfall was, a bold truth, which no other person dared avow, and which I dared, because I owed it to justice, owed it to a deluded monarch, owed it, alas! to a more than deluded, a cruelly injured country.

‘Bostam, who enjoyed the chief command of the troops, had at this period, lost an important battle: and loud was the clamour excited against him for an event, of which as having been fatally unfortunate, it was basely endeavored to stamp him the guilty author.

‘Could I witness such proceedings, and not spurn at them? No. In the midst, therefore of a persecution unmerited, as it was unprecedented, I stood forth the advocate of the gallant, though discomfited chief; and this I did, not because I knew him to be my friend, but because I knew him to be himself, on the present occasion, friendless; because I knew alas! that if it was determined to render him the victim of a disaster, which it had been impossible for him to foresee, and which at any rate, he had been denied the means to prevent.

‘In vain was it to tell me, that Nourgehan had already doomed him, unheard, to perpetual banishment. This circumstance served but to animate me the more in his defence;

defence; and with such zeal did I assert his still unshaken loyalty, patriotism, and courage, that I found myself subjected to the heavy charge of having set at defiance, the royal authority.

‘Already displeased at my firmness, or rather, as he had been taught to believe it, my contumacy, the king too readily listened to this foul aspersions; and many days had not elapsed when I received orders to accompany Bostam in his exile.

‘Of the spot to which we should retire, happily, the choice was left to ourselves; and here I accordingly fixed my residence with all it was left me to hold dear on earth—a wife, a daughter, and a friend; In their arms, I wept for the lost protection of a monarch, whom now I pitied yet more than I had ever loved; but if aught I knew of sorrow, that I was no longer suffered to enjoy the rank to which, against my will, he had exalted me it was because I was also no longer suffered to enjoy the power, connected with that rank, of contributing to the welfare of a grateful people.

‘Bostam bore not his fall with the like equanimity. Neither could the consolations of friendship, nor the sweets of tranquility and retirement, efface from his diseased mind the charms of ambition. To the consuming pangs of grief and disappointment he remained a ceaseless prey, for the period of twelve revolving moons, when still bitterly fighting for a restoration of the honors which had been so cruelly torn from him, he breathed his last upon my bosom.

‘By the death of my friend, I found myself infinitely more affected than I had been by the loss of rank, by the loss even of power;

but in the tenderness of my Nadina, and in the caresses of an infant prattler, the only remaining pledge of our loves, I still found a balm for all my woes.

‘With them for fifteen years, did I lead a life of calm delight. During that period, the whole of my time, (except what I devoted to the study of nature, and of nature’s God) was engrossed by the occupations, which our daily subsistence rendered necessary, or by those, yet more pleasing, which were essential to the plan of education I had laid down for a beloved child; a child, who continued still to cheer her father with the promise, now beyond his own most sanguine expectations realised, that she would, one day, amply requite him for all the pains he took to cultivate her genius, and to enrich her mind.

‘But ah; without some intervening alloy, fleeting, at the best, are all the enjoyments of man.—Six months ago, Nadina left me, in order to obtain from heaven the reward of those virtues, which, to her husband, were, even on earth, a source of felicity; and which to her daughter, have proved, a model of what, otherwise, the lessons of the fondest parents could have but feebly inculcated.

‘My Nadina, however, is happy; and, if happy, shall an accent of murmur drop from the lips of Al-faleh? No: with a pious resignation, the fruit of a well-grounded assurance, that ere long, without the possibility of a second defunion, blissful they shall meet again, cheerfully will he still adore the power that inflicted even this, the last, and the severest stroke he ever experienced.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
The INVESTIGATOR. No. VI.

The disappointed Man's Soliloquy.

"With trembling awe I tune the frantic lyre,
Bemoan the ebbings of life's purple tide—
Paint the last glim'rings of the vital fire;
How down death's valley all our comforts glide."

—NO more the wood-land, the enamelled lawn, a towering hill, feel the light pressure of my trembling feet. In vain the grotto opes its flower-decked, cool, and shaded entrance—I fly all blissful scenes, all former joy: court but yon weeping willow, and the mournful bird, that nightly on this withered oak's high branch pours forth in all the melody of tender anguish, her soul distracting plaint. Could you but hear one note, *one wild pathetic note*, you'd sit with me on yonder moss-clad rock and list' forever. There is more sense, more meaning in its broken sounds, than all the art of poor, mechanic, man could ere produce.

—But why do I talk of man: why talk of life? what is it?—"A taper; a snuff; a little blaze," that hovers round its mouldering socket, and struggling, tries to free itself and escape into nothing. Existence is but a name, a laugh, a tear, and all is over. This world is but an hour's resting place: A dark, unwholesome valley:—a little spot, on which we stop to look around us. Yes, here we stop to think of and prepare for an unchanging hereafter. He who has a companion, who has a friend, to whom he can communicate his ideas as they rise, is happy, is enviable, is all that man can hope.

We quit the blooming shore of infant security, deck'd with the sails of fancy, inflated by the wishes of hope. All before us gleams of

pleasure, all around consents to happiness. But say—*O! wretched self!* how soon thy little, tinseled, bark glided unconscious, into a whirlpool of misfortune! how soon thou found'st thyself lost in a sea of trouble: the waves pouring in upon thee, and no—no friendly hand to stop thy ruin. However, it is over, it is past and I will not complain. I will listen to my mournful friend, and dry up every tear. Sing sweet *Philomel*—sing! for the shades have surrounded me—the shades of night, of an eternal night press hard upon me.

The poor lonely traveller, who heaves his sighs unnoticed and unheeded on the bosom of the fleeting gale:—he has the warm tear from my heart—has all that I can give him. I will dwell upon his sorrows; brood o'er his misfortunes; observe the path he trod; set me down in the same lonely spot, where he bound his aching heart and in his wildness of despair blew out the blaze of life. Yes, there I'll throw my shattered frame, and like a worm mix with my parent earth.

—For what is life to me?—what "all the pleasures sense and reason boast"—the pompous list of infestual joys? Stale scenes by crazy painters drawn! rehearsed by madmen, when the illfated moon plays on the melting brain and works distraction.——There was a time, when I thought all was gay; when I looked on thorns as roses; when nature bloomed, and not a cloud obscured the face of joy.—Yes, I passed

passed heedless along, and saw a smile on every cheek. All was cheerfulness—all contentment.—Alas! the dream is over! My slumbers are broken! and a day of wretchedness dawns upon me.

But hush!—hush, every sorrow—I will not, will not rail. Ye all misguiding passions, who lead astray the unguarded, unsuspecting mind; turning the feeble will from the smooth path of rectitude to a never-ceasing labyrinth of nameless follies; for one short hour sink softly into rest. Leave the poor tenement of

the wretch ye have ruined, and let him with calmness bid adieu to all who travel life's dark vale of tears!

My friends, my fellow travellers! ye who drop the tear of commiseration, who gently soothe the pain ye cannot cure, and with the trembling hand of mournful duty close the wan eye of chilling death;—adieu!—I would give you my blessing: but what have the wretched—what the unfortunate, but crouching reflections which harrow up the sinking soul, and gladly urge them to—a *last adieu*.

READING MEMORANDUMS.

V.

M. L'Abbe Vella, a very learned professor of the oriental languages, in Sicily, has announced that he saw at Girgentia, a volume of cotton paper, written in the Western Moorish character, that contains a translation into Arabic of seventeen books of that part of Livy's History which is wanting. It goes from the 60th to the 77th, this last is not complete, and there are some chasms in the others, occasioned by being in some places worm eaten. The 60th begins at the epoch when the Consul Aurelius subdued the rebels of Sardinia, after a very considerable slaughter; and went afterwards into Corsica to punish those who had bidden defiance to him.

The 61st book opens with the foundation of Aix, in Provence, by the Pro-Consul L. Sextius, from whom that city took the name of *Aquæ Sextiæ*.

The Abbe has already translated some of this valuable work, and promises to present the Republic of Letters with an edition in the Arabian language on one side, and the Latin or Italian on the other.

VI.

The extent of monkish gormandizing in the earlier centuries is almost incredible. From St. Switin's, Winton, Henry II. received a formal complaint against the abbot for depriving his priests of three out of thirteen dishes at every meal. The monks of Canterbury exceeded those of St. Switin. They had seventeen dishes every day; and each of these cooked with spices and the most savory and rich sauce.

[GIRALD: CAMBR:]

The historian of Croyland Abbey speaks highly in praise of brother Lawrence Charteres, cook of the society (an office considered as of the highest importance) who, prompted by the love of heaven and a religious zeal, had expended a sum equal to 400 modern pounds to supply the fathers with almond-milk on fish days. But the glut-ton mass (which was celebrated in honour of the B. V. five times in the year) carried ecclesiastical luxury to the highest pitch. The inhabitants of every parish vied with each other in filling their churches with meat and drink; and as soon as the mass ended, the feast began;

the

the laity were invited to join the clergy in the good work; and the church became a scene of the most gross and bestial licentiousness. The monks of France were not less attached to the pleasures of the table. It was a celebrated preacher among them, who in a sermon represented the pheasants, partridges

and ortolans as addressing themselves to the clergy and intreating to be eaten by them, and them only, 'that, incorporated with their glorious bodies, they might be raised to heaven, and not go with impious devourers to the infernal regions.'

[*St. Foix sur Paris.*]

THOUGHTS on the TIDES.

IT is now almost universally agreed, that the tides of the ocean are produced by the attraction of the moon. The ancients were utter strangers to this doctrine; nor could Aristotle, with all his store of philosophical knowledge, any ways satisfactorily resolve it.

The moderns have been more successful in investigating this part of natural science; and have systematically demonstrated the probable cause thereof. The power of gravitation, or attraction was no sooner known than it led to the discovery I am speaking of: from which time no attempts have been made, either to elucidate or quash the supposition. I never could thoroughly be persuaded, that the moon has the influence upon our globe commonly attributed

to it. I have lately been of opinion that the temporary and periodical swell of the sea, is chiefly, if not altogether, occasioned by the diurnal evolution of the earth around its axis. This motion might easily be confirmed or confuted, were a globe to be constructed after some such following method: The ocean, or the water of the sea, whose surface is about three times that of the land, to be figured by blown glass: which being fixed appositely to the wooden frame, and nearly filled with any liquid, will readily shew, upon the globe being turned round, its regular percussion and repercussion. In a circular motion, the tendency of the opposite parts is always the same, and, in consequence, there will be two tides of flood, and two of ebb, in every evolution of the earth.

SOLILOQUY after the loss of a FRIEND.

THE grief which has taken possession of my heart, so forcibly, was introduced there by gratitude and friendship. I will give to these all that they require; but in such a manner that reason may regulate what they have a right to demand.

My friend counselled and instructed me. He enforced virtue by his precepts, and recommended it

by his example. I will put myself in a condition to improve the instructions I have received: and honor my friend by virtue after I have paid him the homage of my grief. I will speak well of his merit, follow his precepts, respect his relations, cherish his friends, and revere his memory. But to indulge excessive sorrow would unfit me for imitating his example.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION of JANE SHORE.

[From Mich. Drayton's Heroical Epistles, printed in 1630.]

SIR Thomas Moore very highly praiseth her for her beautie; she being alive in his time, though poore and aged. Her stature was meane as her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye grey, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion and each proportion's colour, her bodie fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like her condition.—That picture which I have seen of her's was such as shee rose out of bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting in a chaire, on which her

naked arme did lie.—What her father's name was, or where she was borne is not certainly knowne. But Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king made her his concubine.

Richard III caused her to doe penance in Paules church yard; and commanded that no man should relieve her: which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

LOPEZ D'Acunha, a gallant Spaniard, who lived in 1578, recorded in the Apothegms of Juan Ruffo seems to have had the affections of his mind under as good a command as the Grecian Epictetus. He was called out from his tent by a sudden alarm. His servants armed him in great haste, and although he told them that his helmet pained him exceedingly they insisted that it could not be fitted better. The brave Lopez had not leisure to contest the point; he rushed to the combat, fought with success, and at his return unlacing his casque and throwing it down on the ground, together with his bloody ear—"There," said he, mildly to his awkward valets, "was I not right when I told you how much you hurt me in putting on the helmet?"

THE Marechal de Ferte when on his death bed by no means equalled the calm Spaniard in resignation. His confessor, who knew him to be a man of quick passions, had been some time endeavouring to rid him of his impetuous warmth, to wean his thoughts from worldly objects, and to set them on heaven. He already flattered himself with success, and to complete his pious work, he desired the Marechal's valet to bring him a crucifix. The valet and a footman eagerly ran for it at the same time, and by struggling which should bring it, delayed it so long that the Marechal, forgetting his newly acquired habits of patience, halloed out to the valet with all the strength he had left, "Morbieu! Why do you not break his head with it?"



CABINET OF APOLLO.

REANIMATION,

A HYMN for the HUMANE SOCIETY.

By Mrs. Morton.

[The last Stanza is to be sung by those who have been restored to life from apparent death.]

WHO from the closing shade of night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead?

No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of nature froze;
Recal to life the perish'd form;
The secret of the grave disclose.

But thou, our saving God, we know,
Canst arm the mortal hand with power;
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.

Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life these limbs unfold,

Did the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told.

As from the dust, thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise;
So can the silent voice of death,
Wake at thy call, in songs of praise.

Since twice to die is ours alone,
And twice the birth of life to see;
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our second life to thee.

HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

In Imitation of Mr. Gray's Hymn to Adversity. By a Youth not yet 19.

CONTENTMENT! sweet propitious
pow'r,

Thou soft'ner of the human wo,
Dear-partner of the adverse hour,
Whom happiness is bound to know;

Charm'd by the soft persuasive tongue,
The tortur'd soul takes comfort long,
And poverty is taught to find
New treasures, hid before, to sooth her
suff'ring mind.

Vol. VII.

H

When infant virtue first, from heav'n,
Jove to adversity consign'd,
Thou, as a constant mate, wast giv'n,
And bade to ease her burden'd mind.
Soft pleasing friend! thy sweet'ning care
Taught her the rigid scourge to bear;
In thee a part'ner of her grief she found,
Whence healing comfort flow'd, like balm
to ev'ry wound.

From thy sweet smiles, abash'd retire
Self tort'ring envy, and despair,
Sierce hopes, and covetous desire,
And leave us calm midst crowds of care.
Quick they depart, and with them fly
False pleasure, and deluding joy;
By wild ambition cherish'd still,
And seem awhile obedient to her tow'ring
will.

Patience slow moving, and sedate,
With piercing eye that views from far,
And hope, with future joys elate,
That gently drives her steady car,

In all thy labours acquiesce,
Humility, that Christian grace,
Still conscious of her own defects,
And faith, believing maid, whom charity
protects.

Fair goddess, with benignant smiles,
Thy modest votary assist,
If virtue recompense my toils,
'Tis impious dulness to desist.

For me thy kindest beams prepare,
That teach harmless joy may share,
And able wisely to discern,
View providential care in every changing
turn.

Bright power! retrieve my sinking breast,
Descend and dwell sole regent there,
Far hence be anxious thought distress,
Green jealousy, and mute despair,

Teach me, with comfort, to enjoy
Life's competent benignity,
Not pamper'd with luxurious ease
To comfort more and more, but thank
kind heav'n for these.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION OF AN INDIAN INCURSION.

From Cartwright's Poems.

LO! now, aroun'd to savage war,
 Their horrid rites begin; the chiefs
 advance:
 Hark! their wild orgies echo from afar!
 Their songs of death, that time the war-
 rior dance!
 Their orgies ended, forth with silent
 tread
 They steal along beneath the veil of
 night;
 In coward murder bent, alike they dread
 The glare of day or foe prepar'd to fight.
 Now with light leaves they strew the track-
 less way;
 Now couching creep along to spring upon
 their prey.
 Perchance, in that ungarded hour
 When wearied nature sinks in sweet
 repose,
 Some parent, bound by sleeps subduing
 power,
 A while forgets his own and country
 woes;
 Kind fancy paints to his deluded sight
 His infants sporting where no foes mo-
 lest;
 Their looks contemplating with fond de-
 light,
 He clasps the smiling mother to his
 breast.
 His lighten'd heart the flattering dream
 beguiles,
 And golden harvests waves, and peace
 returning smiles.
 Ah dream delusive! soon to end!
 The human fiends now spread destruc-
 tion wide!
 Hither their desolating course they bend,
 With death that walks in darkness at
 their side!
 The yell, that rends the affrighted air,
 Proclaims with savage sound their pur-
 pose done
 With rage of hell the mangled limbs they
 tear!
 With rage of hell, from blood to blood
 they run!
 Carnage and conflagration mark their
 way;
 Youth, age, and beauty fall, an unre-
 sisting prey.
 Yet beauty meets a milder doom—
 Yet female weakness bends the stub-
 born soul—
 In vain, or sex shall plead, or beauty
 bloom.

Their furious passions feel no soft con-
 trol.
 Perchance e'en now, in yon sequester'd
 bower
 Some maid shall listen to her lover's
 voice,
 In thought anticipate the golden hour,
 When holy rites shall sanctify her choice.
 Vows of long love she breathes, with fon-
 dest breath!
 Ah! soon to cancel all those vows in
 death!
 E'en now she hears the ambush'd foe;
 What sound, the starting cries, per-
 vades my ear?
 In yonder moonlight glade it lingers
 slow—
 No foe insidious surely lurking near!
 Suspect, the youth replies, no base design;
 Our safe retreat what prying foe shall
 find?
 'Twas but the whisper of the murmuring
 pine,
 Or distant waters sounding in the wind.
 Her fears remov'd, he thinks no danger
 nigh,
 And reads fresh transports in her smiling
 eye.
 Alas! that eye shall smile no more!
 No more that lovely cheek with beauty
 glow!
 In graceful negligence no more shall
 flow
 Those waving ringlets stiff with clotted
 gore!
 The wolves of war now rend that
 flowing hair!
 Impending o'er their agonizing prize,
 With gnashing unrelenting fangs they
 tear
 The horrid trophy of their victories!
 This sees the youth, expiring as he lies,
 With aggravated horror sees and dies!

The DIAMOND.

A FABLE.

LONG on Golconda's shore a diamond
 lay,
 Neglected, rough, conceal'd in common
 clay:
 By every passenger despis'd and scorn'd,
 The latent jewel thus in secret mourn'd,
 "Why am I thus to sordid earth confin'd,
 Why scorn'd and trod upon by every
 hind?
 Were these bright qualities, this glitter-
 ing hue,
 And dazzling lustre, never meant for
 view?"

Wrapt

Wrapt in eternal shade if I remain,
These shining virtues were bestow'd in vain."

As thus the long neglected gem display'd
Its worth and wrongs, a skilful artist
stray'd

By chance that way, and saw with curious eye,
Tho' much obscur'd th' unvalu'd treasure lie,

He ground with care, he polish'd it with art,

And call'd forth all its rays from every part;

And now young Delia's neck ordain'd to grace,

It adds new charms to beauty's fairest face.

The mind of man neglected and untaught,

Is this rough diamond in the mine unwrought.

Till education lend her art, unknown
The brightest talents lie, a common stone;

By her fair hand when fashion'd, the new mind

Rises with lustre, polish'd and refin'd,

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

*From the "ECHO" at A****m.*

TO THE ROSE.

GO happy rose! plac'd on my sister's breast,

There, favor'd flower! be thou supremely blest.

Thy life, tho' short, (so perfect is thy bliss,)

Gladly her "brother," would accept for his.

Time's untried scenes, with joy, he would forego,

It's smiles, it's frowns, it's blessings, or it's wee,

Like thee, in view of heaven's bright scenes, to die,

On nature's fairest angel's "bosom," lie.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

Addressed to a THIMBLE, on returning it to the Lady from whose finger it had been taken.

GO, little engine, to the lovely fair,
And breathe my tender sighs in Delia's ear,

When on her taper finger thou art plac'd,

Tell her what torments fill my throbbing breast.

But should her melting lips bestow a kiss
On thee, how should I envy thee the bliss!

Go, little engine, to the lovely fair,
To charming Delia my soft vows declare;
And while her finger is secured from harm,
May glowing love her tender bosom warm.
How happy thou, in all thy pride, arrayed,
To deck the finger of so sweet a maid!

Go, little engine, to the heavenly fair,
Mark well her words, her looks, and every air;

And if her bosom heave a tender sigh,
Tell her for her I live—for her I die:

Whisper it softly, that her listening ear,
May not refuse the sacred truth to hear.

And if thou canst by any gentle art,
Convey these secrets to thy Delia's heart;

Go, little engine, use thy utmost care,
To charming Delia my soft vows declare

HILARIO.

Portland, May, 1795.

THE BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN.*

Translated by Mr. Whitehead.

MORNING rose: the issuing sun
Saw the dreadful fight begun:
And that sun's descending ray
Closed the battle, closed the day.

Fflamddwyn pour'd his rapid bands,
Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.
The numerous host from side to side
Spread destruction wild and wide,
From Argoed's summits, forest crown'd,
To sleep Arfynydd's utmost bound.
Short their triumph, short their sway,
Born and ended with the day!

Flush'd with conquest Fflamddwyn said,
Boastful at his army's head:
Strive not to oppose the stream,
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem.
Give me pledges, Fflamddwyn cried,
Never, Urien's son replied
Owen of the mighty stroke;
Kindling as the hero spoke,
Cenau, Coel's blooming heir
Caught the flame and grasp'd the spear.
Shall Coel's issue pledges give
To the insulting foe, and live?
Never such be Britain's shame,
Never till this mangled frame
Like some vanquish'd lion lie
Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die.

Day advanc'd: and ere the sun
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,

Urien

* This battle was fought about the year 548, by Godlew, a king of North-Britain, and Urien Reged, king of Cambria, against Fflamddwyn, a Saxon General.

Urien came with fresh supplies.

"Rise, ye sons of Cumbria, rise,
Spread your banners to the foe,
Spread them on the mountain's brow,
Lift your lances high in air,
Friends and brothers of the war,
Rush like torrents down the steep,
Thro' the vales in myriads sweep.
Fflamddwyn never can sustain
The force of our united train."

Havoc, havoc rag'd around,
Many a carcase strew'd the ground:
Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood.
Frighted crowds from place to place,
Eager, hurrying, breathless pale,
Spread the news of their disgrace,
Trembling as they told the tale.

These are Teliesin's rhimes,
These shall live to distant times,
And the bard's prophetic rage
Animate a future age.
Child of sorrow, child of pain,
Never may I smile again,
If till all-subduing death
Close these eyes, and stop this breath,
Ever I forget to raise
My grateful songs to Urien's praise!

S O N G.

BALMY pledge of love sincere,
Sweeter than the dew bent rose;
Rapture, unalloy'd by care,
Whence perennial pleasure flows.
Sweeter than the morning breeze
Wafted o'er the opening flower;
Than the bloom of hawthorn trees
After May's pellucid shower!

These, my fair, like transient youth,
Boast their spring and disappear,
But thy lips preserv'd by truth,
Breath their sweetness all the year.

S O N G.

Translated from the French of Chev. de Florian.

WOULD you be a happy lover?
Love you never must discover;
He who's silent in the art,
Knows the way to win the heart.
If your passion you would prove,
Secrecy's the key to love.

Love in vain we would expose,
His purest flame in secret glows!
Love's the virtue of the soul,
Under secrecy's control.
If your passion, &c.

One word the prize has often lost
That years of constancy has cost.
Hide the anguish of your heart;
Hide the joy that heals your smart.
If your passion, &c.

Make your heart your confidante,
Conquer too, but never vaunt;
What in fame you lose, is due
To pleasure, happiness, and you.
If your passion, &c.

S O N G.

Written by the Author of the Seasons.

*From that beautiful expression of love, in the Song
of Solomon—"Turn away thine eyes from me
for they have overcome me."*

O THOU whose tender serious eyes,
Expressive speak the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove:
O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd through my soul be all their
darts.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft so keen a ray:
In pity then my lovely fair,
O turn those killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal,
One charm, where nought but charms
we see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Myra, die of thee.

The LIPS of FIRE.

THOSE lips that seem vermilion bright,
Are not the coral in my sight;
Nor cinnabar, nor ruby's ray,
To my admiring eyes convey:
No feign'd pretences I admire,
Those lips, I know, are lips of fire;
By sad experience this I learn,
"The more I kiss, the more I burn."

An ancient Welsh PENNILLION,

Modernized by Edward Jones.

BEAUTEOUS in form the harp appears,
Its music charms our ravish'd ears;
Less varied strains awake the grove,
Fill'd with the notes of Spring and Love;
Hither the muses oft shall throng,
Inspire the theme, and swell the song.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

GERMANY.

VIENNA, FEB. 27.

AN open rupture between the Porte and Russia appears inevitable, owing to the conduct of the latter towards Poland. It is already decided, that we shall give money to Russia, instead of our stipulated contingent of thirty thousand men.

This circumstance again destroys the hopes of a Russian army marching towards the Rhine, Russia being in want of all its forces to act vigorously against the Porte, especially if Sweden and Denmark make it a common cause with the latter, as there is reason to expect.

The rear band of the Noblesse Hongroise, consisting of fifty thousand men, including their equerries, and which were prepared to march towards the Rhine, have received counter orders, which gives birth to various conjectures; the most probable of which is, that in case of a war between the Porte and Russia, we shall want these forces to guard our frontiers against the incursions of the Tartars.

Mentz and Luxembourg, which were closely besieged by the republicans, at the date of our last accounts, are the only cities of consequence on the west side of the Rhine, which have not surrendered to the irresistible energy of the French arms.

KING OF POLAND.

The measure of this unfortunate monarch's sufferings appear at length complete; lately walking on the terrace before his palace or rather prison, at Grodno, whether the effect of accident, or despondency he fell from the terrace; the contusions which he received in consequence were violent, and have been productive of a dangerous fever, from which he is not expected to recover.

Accounts from Constantinople mention that the scarcity of grain has become alarming in Turkey; and instead of thinking of war, the government is occupied in procuring supplies of bread. A fleet is sent to Alexandria for this purpose.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, MARCH 30.

A treaty of alliance with the Empress of Russia has been just signed by our court,

and has been dispatched to Petersburg by Mr. Eaton, the British Secretary of Legation there, who has taken his passage on board a cutter belonging to Admiral Harvey's Squadron in the Downs, which is to land him on the continent. It is said that it goes to engage the Empress of Russia to furnish 40,000 men, and 12 sail of the line to act against France.

APRIL 15.

The British have taken possession of Cruxhaven, the Gibraltar of the Elbe. The senate have remonstrated against it, and an express has been sent to the court of London.

APRIL 27.

The Austrian army of the upper Rhine is said to exceed 180,000 men, of the best troops in the world. When the Duke of Marlborough defeated and took prisoner the French general Tallard, he was told by Tallard as a compliment, that he had gained a victory over the best troops in the world. "I hope," said his grace, "you will except the troops that beat them."

JUDGMENT of Mr. HASTINGS.

About nine o'clock the Lords being come into the hall, and the commons with their managers seated, the proceeding commenced.

Mr. Hastings was called into court; and as soon as he had pled in the usual form, he was ordered to withdraw, while his Judges determined on his case.

The lord chancellor then in a solemn and dignified manner, put the question of guilty or not guilty? to the peers, upon sixteen articles of charge, severally. Their lordships rose, as it had been previously arranged, and, laying the right hand upon the left breast, pronounced the verdict upon honor.

By two o'clock the whole house had been interrogated sixteen times; and Mr. Cooper presented the chancellor with the results.

Mr. Hastings was then called in; and amid the most profound silence, the chancellor addressed him, to state, that a majority of his judges had acquitted him from the matters charged against him; and that, consequently, he stood absolved and acquitted from them and their consequences.

Mr.

Mr. Hastings respectfully bowed; and turning about to his friends, received their warm congratulations.

The king has been pleased to grant the dignity of Baronet of the kingdom of Great Britain, to John Wentworth, Esq. Lieutenant Governor of the province of Nova-Scotia, in America, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.

APRIL 28.

The order in council, prohibiting artificers, artizans, &c. embarking for America, is no new thing: there was a similar order in the reign of Charles I; and it is a little remarkable that Oliver Cromwell was embarked on board a vessel, and on the point of sailing to settle in Philadelphia, but forced to quit the vessel and return ashore to Portsmouth, by an order signed by that very monarch, in the murder of whom he was afterwards the principal instrument.

APRIL 29.

The loss of the British troops since their leaving the Waal, has not, including killed, wounded, frozen and prisoners, exceeded 700 men. This number, however great as estimated by our feelings, is but very trifling, compared with what rumor had stated it to be. The sick who were left at Helveor, Gorcum, Rheuen, and Zuiphen, are not, however noticed in the computation.

The English papers mention that the sum which Great-Britain will pay for the capture of neutral vessels, will amount to near SEVEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! Of this sum a very considerable part will be due to citizens of the United States.

RE-MARRIED, In England, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London; his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES to the Princess CAROLINE of Brunswick. The ceremony was performed the 6th of April, at St. James'; the Princess rode in a coach with his Britannic Majesty and the Princess Royal, drawn by cream coloured horses. The Prince rode with his brother of York—His mother and sisters being in various other state coaches. At 8 o'clock the procession to the chapel began. When the ceremony ended the new married couple proceeded to Buckingham-house, and supped, and at 12 they returned to Carleton-house, where the marriage was consummated. The Princess, say London prints, was dressed in white and silver; three ostrich feathers waved in her hair, and she was ornamented with a profusion of diamonds. She

looked extremely lively, though in some trepidation at the awfulness and novelty of the ceremony and scene. The Prince was also most superbly dressed.

The Queen's yacht, which is never used has lately been gilded at the enormous expense of 18000l.

I R E L A N D.

DUBLIN, APRIL 16.

Tuesday last, a privy council was held at the castle, and a proclamation agreed upon, to prevent the emigration of manufacturers, &c. to America and other places out of the British dominions. By this proclamation we are informed, persons of the foregoing description, with or without the tools of their respective avocations are interdicted from proceeding to any place not within his Majesty's dominions. Captains of foreign vessels are thereby to give a faithful account of every passenger under severe penalties, and will not be permitted to sail with any who offer themselves in the above characters.

F R A N C E.

France exhibits a singular scene of the most striking changes—the revolution is like the character of the nation—susceptible of astonishing contrasts.

The massacres of Sept. 2 and 3, and the revolution of May 31st, the epochs of jacobin triumph, have been celebrated as most glorious for the republic. Now, they are held in detestation, and the authors are punished as traitors.

Marat was, a year ago, so good a patriot, as to be canonized and deified—now, he is the execration of all France.

In all this business the wishes of the nation are pure, and the intention of establishing a free government, under the form of a republic is unquestionable. But in fact their government is revolutionary—that is arbitrary; and if we may judge from the discourse, in the convention, the members hold in contempt the most necessary elementary principles of a republican government—a single executive and senate. Without these, we boldly predict a continuation of the factions which have filled France with blood.

By virtue of a resolution of the representatives of the people, all the workmen, artists, literary men, bankers, agriculturists, merchants, &c. who expatriated themselves during the reign of Robespierre, are now permitted to return.

Polverell, so well known for his conduct in the French West-Indies, fell dead, in the tribunal, at Paris, on the 21st April, while

while confronting his accusers. His body was opened, and there appeared evidences of his having been accessory to his death.

BRUSSELS, APRIL 4.

On the 2d inst. the French forces, cantoned in the dutchy of Cleves, were ordered to suspend all acts of hostility with the king of Prussia. The order was reciprocal.

The military operations against the Austrians, on the contrary are to be pursued with the greatest vigor.

The Siege of Pampelona will be more vigorously carried on at the commencement of this, than at the close of the last campaign. From Bourdeaux to the south of France, immense armies are in motion. The Spaniards against whom these new levies are to be directed, are also collecting their powers to oppose the shock of so formidable a foe.

The navigation of the Scheldt, wrested in the beginning of this century from Antwerp, by the Dutch government, has been restored to that city by the French republic. The beneficent effects of disengaging that precious source, which in former times poured prosperity and wealth over all Belgium, cannot be sensibly felt in the Netherlands until tranquility is re-established in Europe by a solid peace.— However, according to accounts dated Brussels, March 24, it appears, that many merchantmen have already arrived at Antwerp, and lately among others a three masted galliot from Curland and a vessel

from Genoa. The arrival of these ships is a presage of the future prosperity of Belgium, which once was, and will again be, with respect to agriculture, industry and commerce the most celebrated spot in Europe.

The position of the French armies of the North and Sambre united is so masterly planned, that wherever the enemy should attempt to cross the Rhine, they will find insurmountable obstacles; for the republicans are posted in such a manner in the vicinity of the Rhine, from the extremity of Holland till within a short distance of Coblenz that on any point threatened by the enemy, a body of from forty to fifty thousand men may be assembled in less than 48 hours.

Gregoire has presented to the national convention of France, a tablet of the rights of nations. It is a neat, laconic production: and in the most forcible manner denounces the interference of one nation in the affairs of another!

By way of Bayonne, Paris papers have been received as late as April 28. They contain many articles relative to interior regulations; and the congratulations to the convention on the last triumphs of republican moderation, over Jacobinism and Brigandage, are without number, and appear to be sincere.

The French armies of the eastern and western Pyrennes, were in motion against the Spaniards and Piedmontese. Over the latter the French had already obtained several advantages.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

GEORGIA.

SAVANNAH, MAY 14.

ON Tuesday last an express arrived in this city from the Chiefs of the Creek Nation, with dispatches for James Seagrove, Esq. Agent of Indian affairs, the contents of which we think cannot fail to be pleasing to our citizens.

In consequence of the demands made by the Indian Agent a general meeting of the Upper and Lower Creeks was held in the Quakuskees about the 1st of April last, when it was determined that war and plunder on every part of the United States should cease; that the whole of the prisoners then in the Creek nation should be immediately collected, and that a number of the principal Chiefs should

bring the same and deliver them to the Agent at this place.

We also find that, in consequence of the decided language lately used by the Creeks, the Agent has received a talk from them, to be forwarded by express to Governor Blount, of the territory southwest of the Ohio, offering a firm and lasting peace with that country, and every other part of the United States, and assuring the Governor that no further depredations will be committed by the Creeks.

It is now reduced to a certainty that the late injuries done in the counties of Camden and Glynn were by a few outlawed vagabond Indians from Florida, accompanied by some white men of the same character.

Capt.

Capt. Ingersol, who is from General Wayne's army which he left in April, informs, that the Indians were continually suing for peace; and that travelling was safe. Since the cessation of hostilities but few murders had been committed, and those by a party of Indians who had not heard of the armistice. The army being in the heart of the Indian country, was much feared by the natives, and this circumstance was the best guarantee of their fidelity.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16.

Dispatches were received this day from France by the minister of the French Republic, brought to New-York by a vessel from Nantz. We hear they contain the important information of peace with the Kings of Spain, Sardina, and the Two Sicilies, that negotiations have been opened with Austria and Great Britain; and in short that there is a fair prospect of a General peace.

NEW-YORK.

JOHN JAY is declared Governor of the State of New-York by a majority of upwards of TWO THOUSAND votes.

Mr. Van Ranslaer is chosen Lieutenant Governor.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Revision of the Constitution, it is now ascertained, is a measure repugnant to the sentiments of the people. This system of government has been organized 15 years, and the experience of the Commonwealth has found it, as liberal in operation, as the continent has pronounced it perfect in principles.

From a complete return of the votes it appears, that the whole numbers are

For a Revision, 8096
Against a Revision, 8227

Majority against it, 131

"Names of the Citizens who compose the Legation of the French Republic to the United States arrived in the Medusa."

"Citizen Adet, Minister Plenipotentiary and lady—Citizen Dupont, first Secretary to the Legation—Citizen Chefreau, 2d. do.—Citizen Adet, jun. 3d do.—Citizen Letombe, formerly Consul at Boston, Consul General, to reside at Philadelphia—Citizen Mozard, formerly chief Secretary to the committee of public safety for the marine department, Consul at Boston—Citizen Nozier, Consul at New-York—Citizen Duhaill, Consul at Baltimore.

"The Consul at Charleston (S.C.) is continued in that office."

MARRIAGES.

Amherst, Mr. Benjamin Parker to Miss Betsey Lovejoy.

Boston, Mr. Benjamin Duick to Miss Hannah Gay; Mr. John Dinsdel to Miss Sukey Bullard; Mr. Timothy Twist to Miss Sally Jenkins; Capt. Benjamin Rice to Miss Mary Kuhn; Mr. John Turner to Miss Hannah Runey; Mr. Elias Farnsworth to Miss Polly Cary; Mr. Ebenezer Mayo, merchant of Portland, to Miss Jane Brown; Mr. Francis Brindley to Miss Elizabeth Henshaw Harris; Capt. Christopher Tilden to Miss Eliza Baker.

Gloucester, Capt. Dudley Sargent to Miss Hannah Fuller.

Medford, Mr. George Dadley to Miss Eliza B. Cox.

Newbury, Mr. Stephen Little to Miss Nancy Atkinson; Mr. Elcazer Pettin-gell to Miss Sally Brickett.

Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Thomas, jun. to Miss Nancy Jenkins; Mr. Benjamin Stone to Miss Hannah Somerly; Mr. John Goodhue to Mrs. Nancy Tilton.

Shrewsbury, Rev. Joseph Lee of Royal-stone to Miss Hannah Farrer.

DEATHS.

Bath, in England, on the 17th Jan. last John Boylston, Esq. Aet. 86, late of Boston, merchant. Industry and frugality had acquired for him a handsome estate, the greater part of which he bequeathed to charitable purposes, in which his native town has a great share; he was second son of the late learned Dr. Zabdiel Boylstone, Fellow of the Royal Society, from whom this country had derived such immense advantage in the practice of inoculation for the small-pox.

Boston, Mr. Samuel Robinson, 83; Mr. William Hart, 38; Mrs. Mary Winslow, 26, consort of Mr. Isaac Winslow; Mrs. Sarah Nottage, 54, consort of Mr. Josiah Nottage; Mrs. Mary Smith; Mrs. Elizabeth Eliot, 74, relict of the late Rev. Andrew Eliot, D. D. Mrs. Martha Brown, 58, relict of the late John Brown, Esq.

Dedham, Major James Cunningham, 74.
East-Sudbury, Mrs. Mary Heard, 34.
Holden, Mrs. Hubbard, 91.

Lynn, From accident, Mr. Eli Pope, 59; widow Elizabeth Stocker, 83.

Marblehead, Dr. Nathaniel Oliver, 46; Miss Sally Bartlett, 17.

Medford, Capt. Thomas Prichard.
Newburyport, Mr. William Rugg, 56; Mrs. Carrier, 56; Mrs. Peggy Conner.

Newton, Mr. Samuel Durant, 22; Mrs. Borredel Jackson, 28.

Princeton, Mrs. Elizabeth Ellery.